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OCTOBER 1961

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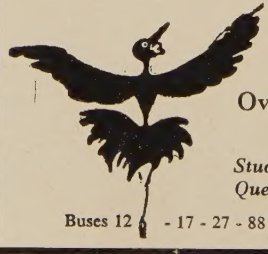

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Personality of the Month

Photo: Paul Tanquery.

MICHAEL SOMES

THE Russians did not know it, and even we strangely enough have not yet been told it, but what they saw in Moscow represented the end of an epoch in British ballet. It seems that in Moscow, unheralded and even unannounced, that great dancer Michael Somes slipped unobtrusively out of the position of *premier danseur* to the Royal Ballet which he has held with such noble distinction for more than a decade. We are glad and grateful that Somes is not retiring altogether, and will continue to appear not only in mime rôles, but also as Palemon in *Ondine*. This is right and proper, and there is no reason why Somes, if he is so willing, should not continue to enhance our national ballet with his presence for many, many years to come. However, it would have been nice to have been warned that last season he was giving his final Albrecht and Florimund.

Somes, of course, has been a very fine dancer indeed, but his historic importance cannot just be summed up by a mere statement of his ability. He came to lead the company at a crucial stage in its development, and not only have his qualities both as a dancer and cavalier played a large part in the development of Fonteyn, but also he has been an example for all our young male dancers. Perhaps more than anyone else his position as the company's male star has been responsible for the laying down of a male tradition in classical ballet, from which we are now starting to reap the first benefits.

It is good to think that he put aside princes when he was still almost at the peak of his form, and now as his brilliant portrayal of Creon in *Antigone* has already hinted, we may expect great things from him in the future. Ballet technique is consistently improving, and in time we shall have many dancers more brilliantly equipped than Somes (to be unsentimental about it, we have already), but in his style and bearing, his authority and nobility, his good looks and natural dignity, his unforced acting and always virile personality, in all this, Somes has set a standard which his predecessors will not easily equal.

OCTOBER 1961 12th YEAR OF PUBLICATION Vol. 12 No. 10

Dance and Dancers

Editor: PETER WILLIAMS *Associate Editor:* CLIVE BARNES
Assistant Editor: E. C. Mason.
WORLD'S LARGEST SALE IN THE FIELD

Bright as New Paint

WITH unfailing regularity for almost thirty years, critics and derisive foreigners had a high old field day in proclaiming the total inadequacy of British male dancers. They just pitched-in with every weapon in their power and our dancing males were either branded as feeble, effeminate and insignificant or, and this was possibly the worst insult of all, totally ignored. Suddenly it stopped and nowadays nobody says such things; in fact you would think, judging by the way that some people carry on now, that no one had ever said anything nasty about the so-called stronger sex — when they danced.

With unfailing regularity over a number of years, critics and foreigners — particularly the French who have just rolled in the aisles about it — had a high old field day about the appallingly insipid taste of British designers. Outside England the expression "British designer" has been a dirty combination of words. Maybe there has been some justification, especially when compared with the designing that came out of France in the immediate post-war years. Now the laugh is on the other side of the face, or rather of the channel, because France has produced few designers of any real merit over the past years and suddenly the English autumn is brightened by not one but a whole bunch of designing talent. No longer need we hang our Anglo-Saxon heads in shame at our inadequacy to provide ballet with interesting backgrounds.

Whatever one thought of the Triple Bill for the Edinburgh Festival (and you will hear what *we* thought next month) one thing is sure — it was the best designed group of works to be seen in London since the great days of Roland Petit's companies. It marked the emergence of Australian painter, Arthur Boyd, as a ballet designer; the maturity of another Australian, Barry Kay, as a creator of chic and wit and the début of yet a third Australian, Ian Spurling, as one of the most promising ballet designers since the début of Nicholas Georgiadis some years ago. Spurling was a student of the Slade School, where he was taught by Georgiadis and Peter Snow, and two other former students of the same school have also made their début on London's ballet stages. These were Philip Prowse in MacMillan's *Diversions* for the Royal Ballet, and Pauline Whitehouse in Darrell's *Ode* for Western Theatre Ballet.

It looks as though what the Royal Ballet School did for the British male dancer, so is the Slade doing for the British designer and *that* is the most encouraging news that you are likely to get in this Autumn of Anxiety.

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THREE years ago the Ukranian State Dance Company appeared in London at the Royal Albert Hall and now they are back and with a company increased to 120. The aim of this folklore company, which was founded and is directed by Pavel Virsky, is to reflect the life of the Ukrainian people both in the past and today. The dances show many facets of life in this part of Russia whether they be in celebration of weddings from the Bukovania region, New Year carnivals or whalers celebrating a good catch, or more everyday events such as harvesting, courting or weaving and embroidery. Dominating it all are the wild and spectacular male dances of the Cossacks who leap and turn in a bewildering manner which almost defies belief.

After the phenomenal success of such dances in the *Taras Bulba* excerpt which was recently given by the Kirov Ballet in their Gala Programme at Covent Garden, audiences will wish to renew their acquaintance with this thrilling form of dance.

CELEBRATION : Left, members of the company in a Bukovina Wedding Dance from a village in the Ukraine. These dances are still widely performed in this region.
Right, A. Gumon leaping in the air during the number, Krasnaya Katrina *(The Red Rose Tree). Both these numbers have also been staged by Pavel Virsky.*

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Transatlantic Return

All aspects of BALLETS: U.S.A's. second visit to London (where they appeared at the Saville Theatre from August 1 to 19, 1961) by CLIVE BARNES and PETER WILLIAMS.

NO magician should ever try sawing a woman in half *twice,* for like lightning, magic only strikes in the same place once. When Jerome Robbins and his Ballets: U.S.A. first came to Britain two years ago, they swept through first Edinburgh and then London like a typhoon in a hurry. Critics capitulated, audiences cheered and a number of hardier spirits laid plans to set up a guillotine just off Bow Street, certain that ballet's day of revolution had come and that the sea-green incorruptible Robespierre Robbins would lead dancing to its brave new millennium. On Robbins' second visit this summer there was inevitably less excitement. Audiences and critics presented themselves meekly at the Saville Theatre in joyous expectation of being pole-axed, but although a few dutifully swooned, it was not, despite the great enthusiasm, quite the carnage of two years ago. And as no reasonable man can possibly hope to get away with more mixed metaphors in one paragraph than that, I will cut the introduction and move straight on into reviewing the first programme.

First Programme

Moves*—*Afternoon of a Faun
Events*— *The Concert

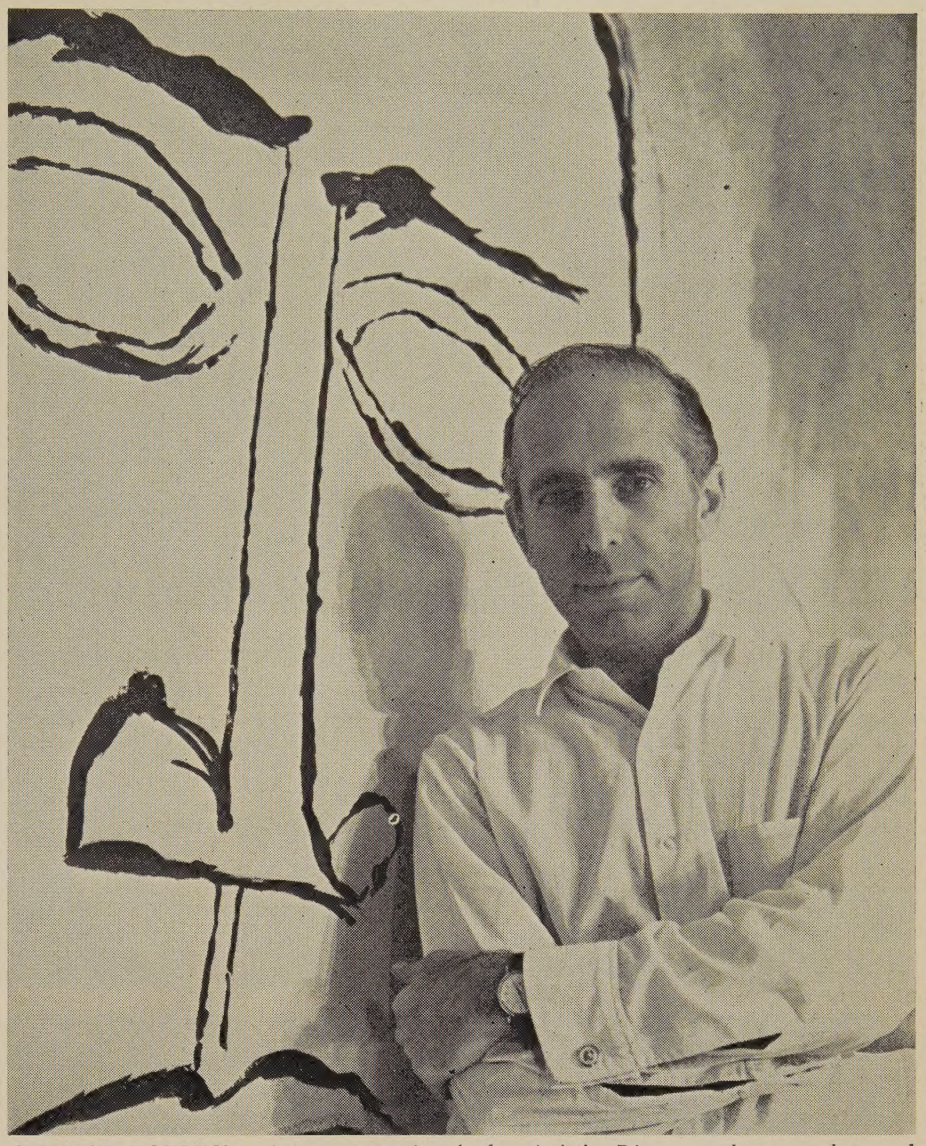
BASICALLY this was the same programme as the one which wowed London and Edinburgh two years ago, the only difference being the substitution of Robbins' new ballet, *Events,* for *N.Y. Export, Op. Jazz.* It opened, as before, with Robbins' "ballet in silence about relationships" which he calls with almost Olympian simplicity, *Moves.*

While you can dance a ballet to silence, I wonder if you can create one. I understand that *Moves* was originally choreographed, at least in part, to a later discarded score by Aaron Copland, which reminds me of an ingenious theory my colleague John Percival has regarding David Lichine's *La Création.* He thinks that this earlier "silent" ballet was possibly based on a work with a very similar scenario Lichine first produced in South America using César Franck's *Symphonic Variations.* I cannot help feeling that a choreographer would require some kind of rhythmic scaffolding — even if it were only the drum-beats on occasion used by Lifar and certain of the Central-Europeans — on which to erect the structure of the ballet. Once erected the scaffolding could be removed and the choreography, quite legitimately, stands on its own.

The interesting thing about *Moves* (or indeed about any silent ballet) is the manner in which it concentrates the audience's attention on the actual choreography — the poor dears have nothing else to do and it's a straight choice between watching or day-dreaming. Moreover, the audience is able to watch without any free-wheeling of associations or sub-conscious predictions. Robbins himself explains: "The score supports, conditions, predicts and establishes the dynamics, tempo and mood not only for the dance but also for the audience. Music guides the spectators' emotional responses to the happenings on the stage and creates a persuasive atmosphere for reaction. *Moves* severs that guidance . . ." That's all, it just severs that guidance. Put Fokine's *Carnaval* in practice dress, slip away the scaffolding of Schumann's music, and you would be doing as much. Only the other day in Edinburgh Walter Gore, by the kind discourtesy of the Musicians' Union, was forced to do the same thing with his Britten ballet, *Eaters of Darkness.*

But the originality of *Moves* is not in its silence, even though its silence may help its originality to be perceived. What I find most fascinating about *Moves* is not its absence of music — the resultingly audible snorts and bumps are, after a time, as tediously distracting as the creaking bed-springs in an adjoining hotel room — but much more its absence of acting, its absence of emotional colouring. Take our silent *Carnaval* for example, and we would still find incident and character, dimmer perhaps, more elusive, yet still very much present. Imagine a silent *Les Sylphides* or a mute and glorious *Serenade* — the colouring of mood is still there. For choreographers even in their distilled abstractions of dreams still use drama as another scaffolding running up side by side, and indeed, often leaning against, the more noticeable scaffolding of music.

Moves is danced dead-pan — not a smile, not a smirk, not a yearning glance, not a civilized leer, nothing but moves. This then, is, if you like, an experiment (I hate the word but there it is) in dance aesthetics. Once upon a time, and sometimes still today, people talked about "soulless, abstract dancing, classroom exercises devoid of emotion, etc." and from this implied that the only proper business of ballet was narrative. Were this so, Robbins' *Moves* would have turned out to have been virtually non-representational; it would have been a series of mobiles, patterns moving in space. It isn't. Robbins justifies his title "a ballet about relation-



JEROME ROBBINS: A new portrait of the Artistic Director, choreographer and instigator of Ballets: U.S.A. He is seen against part of Ben Shahn's setting, later discarded for the new work, Events. *Photo: Roy Round.*

MOVES : *Jamie Bauer, Susan Borree and three boys in one of the moments from Robbins' work which uses no music.* *Photo : Anthony Crickmay.*

ships" and those relationships are only inherent in the bodies of his dancers and the emotional (perhaps narrative) associations we place on their movements. Specifics are avoided and yet things happen, movement and dancing is demonstrated as having its own intrinsic expressiveness, like music.

As a ballet, I find *Moves* very difficult to watch repeatedly, as it makes quite shocking demands on the attention and imagination. It is as if (but not really as if, for the comparison cannot stand up to a moment's scrutiny) a man had been used only to listening to opera and was suddenly presented with a symphony. The comparison is not of lasting value because while *Moves* admirably proves a point, it opens no new fields for choreographers.

It has moments of crystalline beauty — the wonderfully formal ritualistic opening and close (why does it end with more dancers than it starts with, I wonder?), the *pas de deux* with its echo-chamber of narrative possibilities, the oddly evocative episode of the frozen statuary, the running and jumping ballet class at the end with its curiously interlaced movements and dynamic shape of build-up, crest and fade-away. But the ballet must be what is known in the trade as Denby-ware and I could hardly more describe it than choreograph it. As an experiment (I wonder if it was a conscious experiment — which came first the chicken or the egg?) it succeeds, as a ballet . . . no, I can't say any work which I find so interesting, rewarding and, at times and places, moving, I can't say it fails, so let me restrict myself to saying I think it would be better with music. But not, of course, so interesting.

I intend to skate over both *Afternoon of a Faun* and *The Concert,* although I'll come back later to the way they were danced. We have written at length in *Dance and Dancers* about both of them (notably in the November 1959 issue) and I personally have nothing much to add. In its conception and choreography the *Faun* is, to my mind, probably Robbins' masterwork to date. This dialogue in a dance studio seen through the reflective mirror of life is an exquisite modern gloss on Debussy obviously, Nijinsky possibly, and Mallarmé most effectively. Robbins has a genius for rising above his basic materials and his collaborators. Here he seems to have set out to do a brief *pas de deux* based on something like the sterile "symbolic-realism" of a Paul Cadmus painting of dancers, and he has come back with a parable for our times and an extended passage of lyrical choreography which for simple eloquence is hard to equal.

It is a far jump from the space-travelling golden age and serene insecurity of the *Faun,* to the pistol-crack humours of *The Concert,* yet they are both recognizably products of the same urbanely sensitive mind. In *The Concert,* representing in a loose-reined way the day-to-day day-dreams of, perhaps, a concert audience, Robbins flicks helter-skelter through an anthology of American humour. It's still riotously funny (personally I find it rarely, very rarely, palls, yet this is not everyone's experience) and it still falls off at the end. Some of the episodes are little but straight visual jokes which have really nothing to do with choreography. On the other hand *The Concert* could have been produced in no other theatre medium but ballet (something not unlike it could be done on radio) for it is a wonderfully imaginative essay in choreographic fantasy, exploiting every opportunity of the form.

Which brings me, with something like a sigh, on to Robbins' one new ballet of the season, *Events,* set to another psuedo-jazz score by Robert Prince, more watery and even more pretentious than before. Writing elsewhere immediately after the first night, I suggested, in effect, that *Events* suffered from an attempt to be self-consciously *avant-garde.* I saw Robbins the day after it was published, and he queried this, saying: "It's only in Europe that I am ever even regarded as *avant-garde*!" What could I say? On reflection he was so obviously right, that I felt like the man in the Thurber cartoon, who had just had his head cut off, while his fencing opponent hisses out, murderously, "Touché!"

Of course I was wrong. We in England live in such a dance backwater that it is difficult to envisage the New York dance scene where the wildest experiments are commonplace, and Robbins himself is hardly left of City Center. I remember during the dog-days of McCarthyism hearing an American talking politics with a highly respectable pillar of the English Conservative party. At the end, he told me: "That guy would be a communist back where I come from!" Attitudes are relative. But *avant-garde* or not, *Events,* struck me as a disappointing ballet.

In some respects *Events* might be profitably regarded as a re-working or even a re-thinking of Robbins' earlier *Age of Anxiety.* The similarity is touched off right at the beginning when one notices that just as in the earlier ballet the action concerns four protagonists — three men and one girl. Once again the intention seems to be to give some kind of picture of our anxious age, although Robbins' conception of that age has changed somewhat over the years (incredibly *Age of Anxiety* is now more than eleven years old) and the ballet's structure is markedly different.

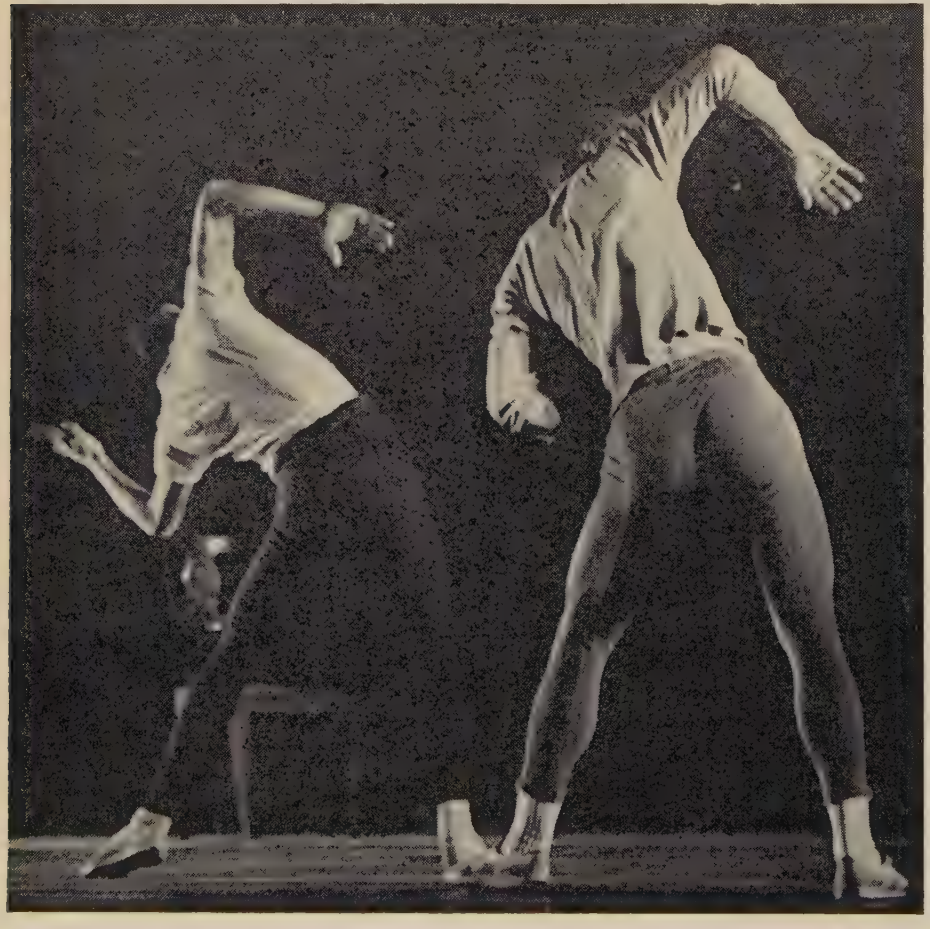
Age of Anxiety was based on Leonard Bernstein's "dramatic" Symphony No. 2 for piano and orchestra, which in turn was inspired by W. H. Auden's *The Age of Anxiety: A Baroque Eclogue.* The music, and perhaps more particularly Auden's poem, gave the ballet a natural dramatic progression. Robbins has described it as "a ritual in which four people exercise their illusions in their search for security. It is an attempt to see what life is about." *Events* is also an "attempt to see what life is about" and just as such it must be praised. (I can have no sympathy for people who consider that such an inquiry is not the proper business of ballet and criticize it on that score.) Unfortunately, *Events* is a muddle.

Robbins has replaced the more or less direct narrative line found in *Age of Anxiety* with the sort of mosaic structure he experimented with in *N.Y. Export, Op. Jazz.* He calls *Events* (and this is the only programme note) "a ballet concerning happenings, attempts and recoveries", and it is intended, he tells me, to be a montage of contemporary life such as one might get from looking at the front-page of a newspaper — thus "events" of international importance are jostled side by side with local individual incidents. These alternating episodes of the particular and the general are found in the jazz ballet, and probably, although more obscurely, in *Moves.* The new ballet ends with a speeded-up reprise of all its earlier material, in something corresponding to a musical *coda,* which presumably is intended to impose a unity upon the various episodes, and point the message that each is of a total piece and all show man's inhumanity to man.

AFTERNOON OF A FAUN *(opposite) : John Jones and Kay Mazzo in moments from Robbins' famous ballet to Claude Debussy's symphonic poem. The theme is contemporary and has been designed and lit by Jean Rosenthal.*
Photos : Anthony Crickmay.

SEATED AND UPRIGHT : Typical of Robbins' style of movement, above and below, by Eddie Verso and Dick Gain in the new work, Events. *Photos : Anthony Crickmay.*

More and more, so it seems to me, Robbins is trying to escape from the old notion of narrative ballet structure which is so dependent upon the straightforward dramatic progression of a play. This, I think, is important, as far too much of our ballet-thinking is conditioned by the conventions of the dramatic theatre which are really quite irrelevant to us working in ballet. (It should be taken as a golden rule that any ballet which in its form and characterization attempts to usurp the functions of the playwright — or novelist or film director — and so fails to exploit the specific medium of dancing cannot possibly succeed. Which is why ballets like *The Invitation* or *A Place in the Desert* are *fundamental* failures, despite any incidental successes they may have on the road to oblivion).



Obviously in *Events,* Robbins is working comfortably within the ballet medium (if I can say it without sounding patronizing to a great artist, he knows what ballet is about) but his form is more interesting than successful, more worthy than convincing. For example, take his treatment of the four principals and contrast them with the earlier quartet in *Age of Anxiety.* In the old ballet they were clearly defined characters, with changing yet explicit relationships one to another, who developed during the course of the ballet. The new quartet is ambiguous and ill-defined. Are they spectators, or participants ? and the answer is that they are disconcertingly both. Their relationships change in quite arbitrary fashion — at times they know one another, at times they meet as strangers. What is their function in the ballet ? All they seem to do is to act as anchor-men to give the ballet a false sense of continuity. It would have been a more coherent work if they had stood outside the action, commenting on life, like artists in society.

This is a basic fault, but equally the ballet is not sharply enough defined and it moves too fast. Each episode is presumably meant to be an implicit commentary on some aspect of inhumanity (perhaps " cheating " would be a more apt word than " inhumanity "), yet the episodes are not always well enough presented to make their points, partly because the ballet moves so rapidly that the audience is given little chance to orientate itself to just what it is seeing. After these emotional variations on a theme, to throw in a *coda* (another attempt at solving the formidable architectonic problems he has set himself) Robbins seems to be making it even more difficult for himself to communicate to the audience. At first sight when one gets to the *coda,* it is surely almost impossible to resist a feeling of " God ! *this* is where I came in ! ", and the final impression left is more one of " the world is a pretty hectic place ", which is only partly Robbins' message, than the more significant statement that " the world is a pretty mean place and in need of a wash."

Events is not as articulate as it might have been. In reviewing it, most of my colleagues have restricted themselves to fairly wide generalizations about the theme, and while this was doubtless partly due to considerations of space (criticism is ridiculously restricted in England) I imagine it was also partly because, like myself, they were a little vague about the precise implications of each episode.

The ballet starts with the ambiguous quartet seated on chairs in various attitudes of neurotic boredom. A group of dancers enter, and jive around. First the girl principal joins them, then the other three. The girl in particular is sent, and the movement fades out. I don't know what this episode meant — someone suggested " the corruption of youth " — but for myself, as the old limerick has it, I never saw " who did what, and with which and to whom ".

The episode changes, lovers move in and start loving around. Two boys (two of the principal quartet) one mature, one a kid, start circling around one another, aware, and as if on a sidewalk. The mature boy picks up the kid and they go into a love

pas de deux. The sex-play over the man moves brusquely on ; the young boy who wanted love not just casual sex, wipes an agonised tear from his eye, and throws over a chair in anger. He then curls up on another chair and goes to sleep.

A negro enters with the next episode. He is an athlete or entertainer. The white crowd gather round him, applauding his routines. He goes berserk and — in a choreographic quote from the Moor in *Petrushka* — assaults one of the girls. The whites smooth him down — he is their pet of the moment — and continue to lionize him. Their applause dies down to icy unconcern. Rejected by the white society that crowned him king, the negro goes into a pitiful nigger-minstrel routine, his splayed-out mammy hands trembling to make contact. The desultory whites ignore him, and he shambles off with a beaten-down dignity and nothing to show for his success but, presumably, unpaid income tax.

The crowd get religion. They erect a god in their own image and come to worship. They come to Him on sticks (this confused me, until Robbins said in conversation : " Would it have been clearer if they had been carrying crutches ? " — in fact, for me at least, it would have been) but, shades of the " colossal Dad " in *Age of Anxiety*, the god fails. The people pyramid up into a monumental Flaxman grouping, frantically cowering in the shadow of the Bomb.

Two groups form — marching and counter-marching with a mad, patriotic gaiety. Their arms and feet pant up and down in some none too serious jingoistic game. Cheerfully, singing metaphorical jingles about the fatherland, the two groups clash, and as they come together . . .

The Bomb falls and with it come the horrors and mutations of radioactive fall-out. They run around like rabbits struck down by myxamatosis. The world crumbles and the people crumble — some of them, one trusts, with the satisfaction of being " better dead than Red ".

Now all the themes are scrambled together, telescoped into the coda. The ballet ends when a figure of doom, destruction, what-have-you, comes down from the sky and traps the running figure of a solitary man, the archetypal man, the symbol-man, while the quartet look on.

The ballet sounds, I think, better than it is, partly because it is unquestionably a good *sort* of ballet, and is stuffed full of conceptions which no liberal/radical conscience can fail to respond to. In this issue Peter Williams, in discussing the Rambert season, draws an interesting parallel between Robbins and the Tudor of the 'thirties, and if I had to sum up the mood of *Events*, it would be to a 'thirties poet, Louis MacNeice, that I would go :

The glass is falling hour by hour, the glass will fall for ever,
But if you break the bloody glass you won't hold up the weather.

The pity of the ballet, apart from its structural deficiencies and general air of obscurity, is the weakness, comparatively speaking, of the choreography. The negro episode is brilliant and alive, taking its place among Robbins' finest work. Elsewhere his inspiration seems painfully muted, the choreography too often substituting a vague air of *significance* for genuinely meaningful invention. The result is a series of blamelessly moral tracts, liberal comments reduced to cliché stature by his inability to give them forcefulness and coherence while working against the pitiful inadequacies of Prince's music and Shahn's décor-inadequacies that might only have been overcome by his talents popping away flat out on all their cylinders.

Ever since the ballet's first performance in Spoleto, Robbins has apparently been tinkering with it, changing this and that to force it into life. He was still at it in London, but the ballet refused to budge. By the end of the London season he knocked out Shahn's fanciful " death-blow " construction at the end of the ballet (thus removing an unpleasant-looking piece of stage furniture, yet also making the ending more obscure) and tried to make a number of small clarifying improvements. But piecemeal ameliorations are not likely to be the answer (he got one of the quartet to smoke a cigarette at the beginning, and one wondered flippantly whether he was taking a new swipe at lung-cancer !) and while these efforts may be the ballet's birth-pangs, to me they looked more like death-throes.

The irony of it is, I fancy, that if Robbins had brought the same skill to bear on *Events* as he has effortlessly given to many lesser undertakings it might have been his masterpiece. You can, willy-nilly, try too hard even in writing about a ballet, let alone creating it !

Second Programme

Interplay—The Cage—Afternoon of a Faun—N.Y. Export, Op. Jazz

APART from Tudor's *Pillar of Fire, Undertow* and *Romeo and Juliet*, the only new ballets that interested me when Ballet Theatre paid their first visit to London in 1946, were *Fancy Free* and *Interplay*. The rest were for the birds, and the birds have by now picked them up. The two ballets by Robbins started his European reputation just as surely as they started his American, and I for one will always have an affection for them. Robbins has never been able to revive *Fancy Free* as Ballet Theatre's Lucia Chase has it tied up in contract (it is, after all, one of the only two or three important ballets her company has ever created !) but *Interplay*, originally given in Billy Rose's *Concert Varieties* and only revived for Ballet Theatre, has always been Robbins' own property. He has revised it for New York City Ballet and now, this season, for his own company. It is welcome, even though the performances have not been entirely adequate.

EVENTS : *Kay Mazzo, aloft, in the episode in which the crowd form into monumental groups in their efforts to ward off the shadow of the Bomb. This ballet has décor by Ben Shahn and music by Robert Prince, both of whom were previously associated with the creation of* N.Y. Export, Op. Jazz. *Photo : Anthony Crickmay.*

It has been suggested that nowadays *Interplay* is dated, or rather it is superseded in the Robbins repertory, having been made redundant by *N.Y. Export, Op. Jazz.* Emotionally, as a human document, I suppose this is true enough. Edwin Denby, brilliant and perceptive, put his finger right on the spot of *Interplay* when he wrote about it soon after the first Ballet Theatre revival. After talking about the characters ("urban middle-class young people having a good time" — I love that "urban") he complained that they didn't know about sex "as an individual focus of passion."

Denby continued: "In this unpersonal aspect of *Interplay,* there might be the poetic subject matter of an American flavor of sentiment. And Robbins has, I think, a poetic love for the air of rudeness and unresponsiveness in our national manners. But in *Interplay* he has glossed it over by a general mutual amiability that is humanly unconvincing and a bit goody-goody; he has for the moment confused love of America with flattery." And that's it. Seen in relationship with *N.Y. Export,* Denby's remarks take on a quality of prophetic insight, as well as going far to explain why quite a number of people viewed *Interplay* this season with a certain mild, unexpected, sense of disappointment.

Of course the trouble with *Interplay* is that it is all such good clean fun. Those two kids who have just danced their *pas de deux* (with its climactic image suggesting nothing so much as a wheelbarrow doing a *pas de bourrée!*) sink down on to the ground as if in a beach-scene advertising coca-cola in the 1940's. It is a work without implicit comment, a dance texture without depth. This, if you like, is the case for the prosecution, a case only made practicable by the underlying seriousness of the piece as a whole.

Denby, who despite his objections, regarded it highly, said: "Robbins alone of our native choreographers has grasped at one stroke that the basis of ballet logic is a view of time and space as a closed entity" — and structurally it remains as sweet as it ever was. Seen now it also appears to be a work of some historic significance. To be sure classical dancing and symphonic swing had been married before (I wonder if Balanchine's *Slaughter on Tenth Avenue* from the Rodgers and Hart musical *On Your Toes,* was perhaps the first attempt?), yet *Interplay* was the first non-specific *classic* ballet to be danced to swing. It has had many imitators, yet the driving brilliance of its choreography still keeps it fresh.

Completely classical in style — unlike the later *N.Y. Export* — it at the same time shows Robbins' ambivalent attitude to classicism. Like all of his excursions into straightforward classical choreography (and I'm thinking of accounts of *Summer's Day* and the Dolin/Markova/Eglevsky *Pas de Trois,* neither of which have been seen here) he cannot resist poking a little good-natured fun at the *danse d'école* — there is always something in him of the wise-guy Broadway hoofer who doesn't go for those goddam Russians with their fancy *arabesques.*

But the humour here (it's too soft for satire) just adds a touch of American horseplay, a "Look Ma! I'm dancing!" grin, to the general mood of zip and vitality, the brash extrovert forcefulness and the heartlessly American competitive spirit. This was one of Robbins' songs of innocence, when he was still stringing along with the American way of life, and as such earns an honourable place in his repertory. It has been rumoured that he may revive *Interplay* for the Royal Ballet; it would be a splendid acquisition.

Interplay was created in 1944. His second "new" revival, *The Cage,* was produced originally in 1951, and what happened to Robbins between the two is anybody's guess. From *Facsimile* (1946) onwards, Robbins' work has become more and more critical of modern civilization, particularly, although he may not even realize it himself, modern American civilization. Much of Robbins' interest as an artist is possibly derived from the conflict to be found in so many of his responses. Thus, as I mentioned with *Interplay,* he seems to have a mixed response to classical ballet (he wants to be a solid classicist but must on no account be taken for a square gypsy), he must make ballets for and about Americans, he is an American and he loves Americans, but the themes of his ballets can often be summarized as un-American activities.

The Cage possibly represents one of the first of those activities, and in *The Cage* there is also perhaps an element of misogyny which might represent yet another dual-stretch tension. All art is a by-product of the artist's life just as much as it is the end-product of his personality. The conflicting attitudes that, I think, can be seen in Robbins' work — which at one end of the scale can give us *Fancy Free* and at the other the compassion of *The Guests* — the gradual loss of innocence which any chronological survey of his work leading up to *Events* must reveal, and the widening of his sympathies for minority groups which in *Events* would, I think, have blossomed (*had it been a success artistically*) into a sympathy for man in general (a sympathy for the Jew-baiters as well as the Jews, for the Little Rock whites as well as the blacks), these conflicts and their partial resolution have resulted in a mature understanding of humanity. You can say if you like that *The Cage* (a sort of angry abreaction) is a success, and that *Events* is a failure. I still know which I would have preferred to have created.

Ostensibly *The Cage* is about insects, praying mantises, golden gardener beetles, the scorpions of Languedoc, or indeed, any insects that practice what the old entomologist J. H. Fabre called "post-matrimonial cannibalism". Robbins provides this programme note: "There occurs in certain forms of insect and animal life, and even in our own mythology, the phenomenon of the female of the species considering the male as prey. The ballet concerns such a race or cult." No one who has read Fabre's *Social Life in the Insect World* or Remy de Gourmont's rather more fanciful *Natural Philosophy of Love,* is likely to be surprised at Robbins' grisly narrative. And, in any event, the ballet is to some extent a cynical paraphrase of the wili scene from dear old *Giselle.* The story is simple: an Amazonian novice is being initiated into the sexual rites of her cult. She disposes of one male intruder with summary dispatch. Taking longer over a second intruder, she is forced by her sisters to kill him in the same fashion, thus completing her initiation.

It is a practice of the French naturalists to pretend to subscribe to the pathetic fallacy. Consequently we find Fabre writing in somewhat affected terms of shocked alarm about the habits of insects, as if he were judging them against the ethical standards of man. This, in the case of Fabre, can be taken as little more than a dramatic convention. In a ballet about "post-matrimonial cannibalism", however, the insects are perforce anthropomorphic, and no person of any sensitivity can pretend that this is not a peculiarly repulsive anti-feminist ballet. It seems not impossible to me that an American might well have cause to view matriarchy quite differently from a European, even so I think Robbins has exaggerated his case. I personally find this an immoral work simply because I think it is untruthful — women are not like that and I have met several.

Of course it is possible to accept *The Cage* simply as a piece of well-judged sensationalism, shrewdly calculated to cause a cheap stir. Were it not so well done, I might be prepared to accept it on those terms, but it has all the appearance of a serious ballet, trying to make a serious statement. Even on its own false terms, I do not think it is among Robbins' best works. Objective criticism is impossible, and naturally my opinion of the theme must colour my view of the ballet as a whole and the choreography in particular, however hard I try to compensate for this, so what I say must be taken with a pinch of salt.

Musically the choreography is a wonder. Set to Stravinsky's *Concerto Grosso in D for Strings* (1946), the unlikely music might well have been written for the ballet, so adroitly does Robbins use it. Interestingly, apart from his two Debussy ballets and Britten's *Fanfare,* this is the only time Robbins has ever used worthwhile music, normally being content with the gimcrack excitements of composers like Bernstein, Gould, Blitzstein and Prince.

The choreography itself suffers somewhat from over-emphasis and repetition. The actual dance image of the Amazons, with arm outstretched, head back in noiseless cry, and chorus-girl legs moving like pistons, is very impressive indeed. Some of the rest of the choreography seems merely odd and gimmicky, trying to make a positive virtue of its own unusual ugliness and deformed classicism. The *pas de deux* between the Novice and the second Intruder transcends this, and here the strangeness and ugliness of the choreography is fused into beauty, and it makes a compulsively memorable dance, as she shows the stirrings of love for the man she must kill. The actual climax of the dance has an inventiveness and ingenuity that is far removed from the ordinariness of most of the ensembles.

Robbins, particularly in *The Cage,* can often be seen reacting away from Balanchine and yet still being influenced by him at one and the same time. (This is perhaps another of the tensions to be found in his work, and this particular tension finds a parallel in the relationship between MacMillan and Ashton.) Here the *pas de deux* has a marked air of the Balanchine adagio about it in the way it progresses by convolutions, and its variations of pace. The language is unmistakably Robbins, but the syntax shows Balanchine. Equally, perhaps more than equally, the general conception of the Amazons probably owes something to the Furies in *Orpheus,* just as the spacing and dynamics of most of the ensembles appear to be unconscious parodies of Balanchine's neo-classical bring-on-the-girls routines. (I remember in 1952, on first seeing *The Cage,* confiding to my diary the possibility that it was meant to be a symbolic satire on the then markedly Amazonian world of New York City Ballet!)

Whatever one feels about *The Cage,* I think one is bound to admit it is a rather immature work, immature in its thinking, immature in its execution. *Fancy Free* and

THE CONCERT: *Two scenes from the opening episode in which the audience at a concert start to lose themselves in the power of the music.* *Photos: Anthony Crickmay.*

Interplay are perfectly mature (incredibly mature, in fact) examples of "first period" Robbins. *Facsimile* and *The Cage* are both incomplete works, representative of his struggles towards a fresh attitude. *Age of Anxiety* and *The Guests,* which came between these two ballets, are curiously much more finished works, largely because their shape and structure were predetermined by literary sources — the Auden poem in the first instance, something like *Romeo and Juliet* in the second.

For his own company Robbins only revived *The Cage* to make up the second programme when his previously projected Tchaikovsky ballet failed. Presumably he could not revive *Age of Anxiety,* because of a certain similarity with *Events,* while his extremely under-rated ballet *The Guests* (richly worthy of revival) possibly does not now endear itself to him because of its very obvious Balanchinian overtones. This seems a pity, because to my mind this non-specific treatment of discrimination is essential to an understanding of his later work. An audience able to see *The Guests* would look at *N.Y. Export, Moves* and *Events* with a quite fresh conception of their possibilities. The other ballet he might have revived, never seen in Europe, is *Ballade.* I would dearly have loved to have seen this, even though, like *Events,* it could be a ballet that reads better than it plays.

After a repeat of *Afternoon of a Faun,* the programme ended with *N.Y. Export, Op. Jazz,* Robbins' most famous work. Apart from *Faun* — and is it just my non-conforming perversity that makes me prefer that? — *N.Y. Export* is Robbins' finest work to date, and I only hope he doesn't have to go through his career wearing it round his neck like an albatross.

I have already written about *N.Y. Export* at length when his company was in London before, and as with *The Faun* and *The Concert,* I have nothing much to add. There is, however, just one point I would like to stress. The ballet, as everyone who can read must know, is a non-specific treatment of what we might call the "shook-up generation". It uses a jazz-style score by Robert Prince, of ephemeral interest incidentally, and is choreographed in a modified form of American social dancing, theatricalized and made explosive. Its particular savour comes from Robbins' realization that the same social and emotional forces that originally "shook-up" the "shook-up kids" are universal to our day and age, and consequently all groups from Pasadena to Streatham can, to some extent, identify themselves and get the vicarious kick of release. Here is a packaged substitute abreaction for everyone from Kruschev and Kennedy upwards.

N.Y. Export makes its point, as I suppose every ballet must, in three ways — style, content and initial theatrical impact. It seemed from where I was sitting and from where I was reading, that people were putting too much significance on the impact, and not nearly enough on the style and content. It must be remembered that whatever Robbins may think, say or even do to the contrary, he remains a classical choreographer. Because the idiom of *N.Y. Export* is exotic to us, we must not be blinded to the ballet's classical structure. This is not a new *type* of ballet, it has more in common with Balanchine's *Symphony in C* than has *Fancy Free.*

Even more we must not accept its visceral excitements and ignore the content that gave those excitements their full striking power. Anyone can do a jazz ballet. Anyone can go to a *palais de danse* or jazz club, and see the expressive possibilities inherent in a dance idiom that plays hot emotion cool, that takes its basic dynamics from the bitter-sweet contrast of complete tension and complete relaxation. But Robbins firstly has the skill and choreographic background to realize those inherent possibilities, and secondly, has utilized those movement possibilities in a theme that adds up and speaks out. *N.Y. Export, Op. Jazz* complies with Fokine's Five Points. I wonder if all its imitations will?

Clive Barnes.

THE COMPANY

ON the whole this is probably a stronger group than Robbins assembled for the company that visited us two years ago. At least it *was* a stronger group until about mid-way through the season, when injuries and *force majeure* took an unforeseeably heavy toll of its comparatively small complement.

Because Robbins works with a hand-picked and carefully homogenized group, it would be easy to suggest that the dancers lack individuality, but this is in fact far from the truth. Like most American companies, it is full of individuality, and the myth that has arisen that the Robbins repertory fails to give that individuality its head is, to coin a phrase, mythical.

Moves, slightly revised I think from when we last saw it, was still brilliantly danced, in some respects the best danced ballet of the repertory. Erin Martin, dark, small-boned and explosive, smouldered impassively in the *pas de deux* as before. She had a new partner in Scott Douglas (replacing Michael Maule) who danced well enough, yet seemed a little lightweight for the rôle. Martin's part was later danced by Susan Borree, who showed insufficient power. (Interestingly, although it is a ballet without acting, one legitimately can refer to performances in acting terms.)

Afternoon of a Faun still had the Negro dancer John Jones, magnificent as the Faun. His partner on the first night was 15-year-old Kay Mazzo, more of a nymphet than a nymph. She danced beautifully, lovely line and perfect placement, and had just the air of unawakened sensuality the ballet demands. There was a tentative grace to all her responses that made her the perfect foil for Jones' gentle strength. Wilma Curley, last season's Nymph, was, I thought, far too earthy in the rôle and Mazzo restored to it something of the

quality it had when I first saw it danced by the irreplaceable Tanaquil LeClercq.

This season's second cast proved a disappointment. Veronika Mlakar was far too forceful and mature, the rôle losing a lot of its poetic sensibility. Equally, Glen Tetley could make little of the Faun. He had something of the right farouche exoticism needed, but nothing of the withdrawn self-reliance characteristic of Jones' portrayal. The partnering also seemed to give him some difficulty.

Whatever one thought of *Events* as a ballet, it was undeniably superbly danced by the whole company. The four principles — Patricia Dunn, Eddie Verso, Glen Tetley and Richard Gain — were quite exceptional. Dunn, with her infinitely impassive face and infinitely expressive body, went through several layers of pathos without once touching sentimentality. Verso, superb in his moments of agony when his clumsy quest for love is rejected, was equally impressive, while Tetley found his best rôle of the repertory as the hard and calculating go-getter. Here Tetley was revealed as an extremely fine artist, a fact that was less evident in the rest of the season. (In fairness I missed him in both the *pas de deux* of *Moves,* and also as the cigar-champing husband in *The Concert.*) The rise and fall of the negro athlete — almost a short ballet in itself — was supremely well conveyed by John Jones.

The first programme ended with *The Concert,* still riotously led by the ever-wonderful Muriel Bentley. William Reilly has now assumed the part of the Husband, and played it up with considerable success. Patricia Dunn remained perfect as the Wife, while Veronika Mlakar produced some most effective Central European gush as the moonstruck butterfly girl.

The idea that these Robbins dancers can embrace all styles with equal facility died out with a sad little plop when they attempted *Interplay,* which was just not well enough danced. Lawrence Gradus's performance of the "horseplay" variation had a certain rough charm, but little wit and, despite his strong pirouettes, insufficient technical assurance. The dance was better given later in the season by Scott Douglas, although even he could not compare with such performances as those by Paul Godkin, Harold Lang or, particularly, Robbins himself, which we have seen in the past.

Douglas was also fairly good in the *pas de deux,* for which Erin Martin lacked classical style. The ballet was improved when Susan Borree assumed her rôle. Borree, one of the company's few naturals for *Interplay,* had just the right movement-style and a delightfully attractive manner. During the last week she was partnered by Robert Thompson moderately well, but missing the John Kriza air of bonhomie and easy friendliness the part needs.

The *ensemble* work in *Interplay* was not at all distinguished, although at one performance Kay Mazzo showed promise. The boys were particularly weak and the pyrotechnics of the original *finale* (where one boy does one *double tour,* the next does two, the next does three and the last does four, all without intervening preparations) had to be drastically amended.

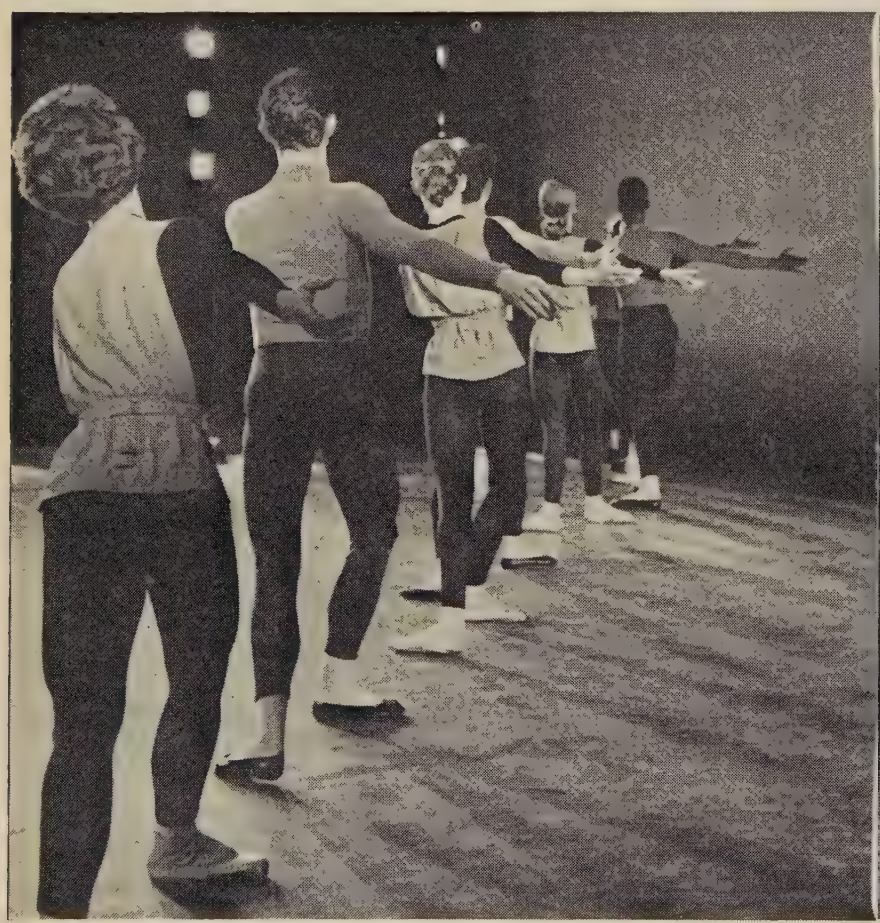
The company seemed far more at home in *The Cage,* where Veronika Mlakar proved sinuously brilliant as the Novice. While her actual presence was almost, not quite, as strong as either Nora Kaye or Melissa Hayden, she also shared with Tanaquil LeClercq the secret of adding a certain amount of pathos to the *pas de deux.* Both Tetley and Douglas danced the Intruder, Tetley being the better, yet neither effacing memories of Nicholas Magallanes or Francisco Moncion. Jamie Bauer had all the ferocious intensity demanded of the Queen.

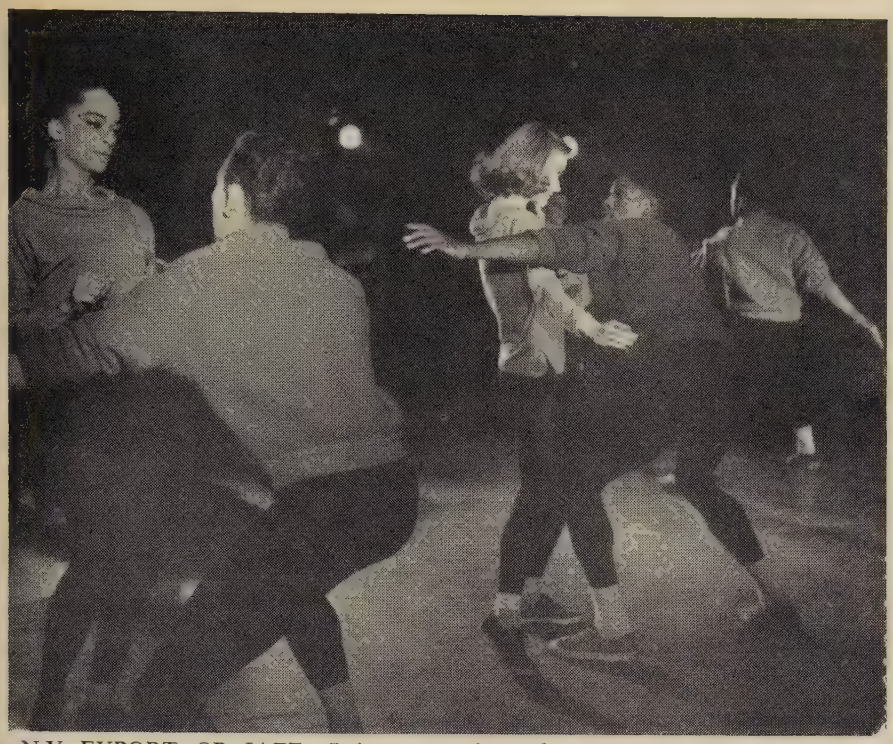
New York Export, Op. Jazz seemed, if anything, even more tautly danced than before. The girl who is raped in "Statics" was compellingly danced by either Erin Martin, Jamie Bauer, or Patricia Dunn (its creator), but of these three only Dunn was really satisfactory in leading the final fugue.

Erin Martin's old place in "Passage for Two" was taken by Christine Mayer, with only moderate success, but John Jones remained as good as ever in this touching episode of two lovers failing to make emotional contact. At one performance Jones' place was taken, quite effectively, by Scott Douglas. One of the outstanding performances in this ballet came from the loose-limbed and laconic Richard Gain, both in "Statics" and "Improvisations".

Clive Barnes.

INTERPLAY: *Two scenes from the ballet, to Morton Gould music and Irene Sharaff costumes, originally created by Jerome Robbins for Ballet Theatre and which he revived for his own company this season. Right, Susan Borree and Scott Douglas in the* pas de deux *in the third movement.* *Photos: Anthony Crickmay.*





N.Y. EXPORT, OP. JAZZ: *Left, a scene from the opening movement in which Jamie Bauer and Christine Mayer (with John Jones) are seen in the foreground. Right, John Jones and Christine Mayer in the last movement when the colour has been drained from the costumes and put into the backcloth.* *Photos: Anthony Crickmay.*

DECOR

WHEN Diaghilev said, or is reported as having said, that if *Schéhérazade* were revived in later years the cushions would have to be twice as bright, he was speaking of something that in fact stretched far beyond the confining green walls of Bakst's harem. He was speaking, though he may have been unconscious of it at the time, for the whole nature of returns and revivals. When people glibly wish other people "many happy returns" they never quite realise what a Herculean task they are imposing on the recipient of such wishes. A successful return or come-back is one of the hardest things to achieve and far more difficult than a triumphant first impression.

In ballet it is the commercially-run companies (that's to say the companies that do not enjoy a State subsidy) that have to pay the greatest heed to the manner of their return. It is because Diaghilev was conscious of this fact that he was driven on to produce works of a more sensational nature during his latter years. After him, it was Boris Kochno who with his Les Ballets des Champs-Elysées realised the same necessity. Unhappily this striving for sensation and novelty often spells eventual doom, but it is in the nature of the ballet-beast and it is something that needs a steel-willed St. George to overcome.

Jerome Robbins earned for himself a deserved avalanche of praise during his first single-week season in London two years ago. In order to see if Robbins has this season fulfilled the designing hopes I held out for his company it is necessary to re-cap:

1959: *". . . by far the most important contribution made by Ballets: U.S.A. to Ballet Design: U.S.A. was the fact that as the company was originally formed outside America it was able to use artists who do not belong to a designer's union. This may not on the face of it seem to be so very important, but as I, together with a great many other people, feel that there is a decided place for the easel painter, as opposed to the decorator or designer, in the theatre, then their exclusion from it means that something is seriously lacking in the United States."*

1961: When I referred to "easel painters" I was talking about Robbins' use of that fine painter Ben Shahn and that sublime cartoonist Saul Steinberg. I suppose I hoped in my silly idealistic way that they were blazing the way for a whole host of those other magnificent painters who abound in America and who also don't belong to any theatrical designer's union. This year no fresh territory was explored and the only contribution we had to this outside-American-design-activity was yet another ballet from Shahn — *Events* — and two revivals — *Interplay* and *The Cage* — neither of which had their respective settings by Oliver Smith and Jean Rosenthal, even though the printed programme assured us that we were seeing them. There you have it — the first visit had, owing to its triumph, promised so much, and the falling-off from a design point of view on the second visit then appeared to be a far greater let-down than it probably was.

Of what Shahn did for *Events* I find it hard to write because by the time it arrived in London the ballet had been stripped of much of its original scenery, by the time that the ballet had finished its London stint it was stripped of a good deal more. At the rate that things were going it looked as though it would meet the same fate as *Interplay* and *The Cage* and have no scenery at all. Even what we saw was not very stimulating and did nothing to fulfil the promise of the designs by this painter for the previous *New York Export, Opus Jazz*. The main setting was one of those any-town-any-where backcloths of squares which are, when we get down to it, a present-day version of the old "Broadway Melody" backcloths of the late 'twenties and seemed in those days to epitomise all that was smart — skyscrapers then seeming modern and exotic. In the present case this would have been all right were it not for the fact that it bore a certain similarity to what Shahn did for *New York Export*.

Then we moved on to another of those calligraphic graphiti types of cloth which also was superior in the previous ballet. For his after-bomb devastation, Shahn produced a plain cloth with a blasted looking terrain right at the bottom which looked to me exactly like a cartoon I saw in *Esquire* last Christmas. At one moment a figure with a hand descended upon a dancer (treatment Swiss/German school) and this hardly fitted properly into the general scheme of things and has been, I understand, discarded.

If this was a disappointment, and few artists can always repeat the success of their first stage designing, it was as nothing to what had happened to *Interplay* and *The Cage*. The former used, when it was given by Ballet Theatre, to have a simple but colourful setting and stage-cloth which was repeated in the colours of the costumes. The setting was an integral part of the ballet. Now with Oliver Smith's set reduced to a plain, and very dirty, off-white cloth, Irene Sharaff's sweater and tunic costumes make the ballet look as though it is merely conforming to what I am beginning to suspect is a Robbins' uniform.

The Cage used to have, when given by New York City Ballet, a quite effective setting composed of ropes which certainly gave an insectile atmosphere. Now given against black curtains, Ruth Sobotka's costumes — flesh coloured with sequined pubic hairs — look pointless and rather rude in a French revue sort of way. If any ballet cried out for good design, this is it. How differently one might have thought of this revival had it a décor by somebody like, for instance, Nicholas Georgiadis.

1959: *". . . there were some illuminations from Nananne Porcher, the company's technical director and a pupil of Jean Rosen-*

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Night and Silence

First given in London for Ballet Rambert at the Sadler's Wells Theatre on July 20, 1961. Choreography by Walter Gore. Music by Bach arranged by Charles Macerras. Designed by Ronald Wilson.

Cast

PAULA HINTON WALTER GORE

CHOREOGRAPHY

THERE have been worse ideas for ballet companies than the one which fired off Edinburgh's Festival Ballet on its short and sweet career three years ago. It was formed for the 1959 Edinburgh Festival, although the hopes were at the time that it would achieve some degree of permanence. Twelve choreographers were invited to make twelve new ballets. The company consisted of a small *corps de ballet,* but in addition each choreographer was invited to bring a couple of soloists as guest stars. After its Edinburgh season the company should have appeared at Sadler's Wells, but it went broke before it could get there and disappeared without trace. Well, almost without trace, for a year later Covent Garden mounted one of the company's repertory, Andrée Howard's *La Belle Dame sans Merci,* and Walter Gore produced his contribution, *Night and Silence* in Stuttgart. Now it has been produced for the Ballet Rambert.

Perhaps produced is the wrong word, for I fancy that it is merely a "guest ballet" in their repertory rather than a permanent addition, but in any case it was most welcome. It has taken an unduly long time to get to London, and it was enterprising of the Ballet Rambert to help it on its way. When the ballet was first produced in Edinburgh, Noël Goodwin, writing about the season for us, called it the company's major success, and seeing it now I can well believe it. It is one of Gore's fiercely dramatic works, which started with *Confessional,* and continued with *Antonia* and *La Damnée (Crucifix).*

I remember years and years ago, being grabbed by Marie Rambert, and being asked, more in the way of friendly rhetoric than in any quest for information: "Tell me, which English choreographer has more passion than Gore?" She was right, of course, no one has. There is a wholehearted emotionalism to Gore, which while not un-English (we are a much more emotional race than our ballets would give us credit for) seems quite outside the range of his contemporaries. Not that such merits do not bring their own disadvantages. Structure has never been a strong suit with him, he is better at getting to the heart of the music than its skeleton, and in his serious works his bared emotions can easily overshadow his dance invention. Yet his is an important talent, and even his lack of artistic discipline brings an agreeable touch of contrast to our over-conservative world of ballet.

Night and Silence is described by Gore as "A ballet of jealousy", and it is to my mind a remarkably perceptive study, almost a pathological analysis of jealousy at its lowest and most human. This is not the noble jealousy of an Othello, but the petty, spiteful, eroding jealousy of a Leontes. The ballet is just a duet. A man is waiting in a secret place, a vestibule to some ballroom, perhaps, but in fact any of those ridiculously inconvenient yet unfrequented places which lovers choose for clandestine trysts. The girl comes in, returning from a ball, and they meet happily. He sees a bouquet which she has left lying on a chair, and his jealousy flares up. He accuses her violently, while she pleads her innocence. His fury rises, and deaf to her entreaties, he is beside himself with rage. He attempts to strangle her. She recovers and leaves him alone with his remorse, only to return to end the ballet in a mood of wary forgiveness.

This is an unusually realistic ballet, and is remarkably successful in catching the fabric of an easily recognizable relationship. One has the impression of not watching merely an isolated incident, but of being given an insight into two people's lives, with whom these lacerating bouts of jealousy are part of a recurring pattern.

Choreographically, perhaps its most interesting feature is Gore's willingness to use metaphorical movement. Narrative ballet being a theatrical art tends to encourage choreography to retain the properties of naturalism. There is a reluctance to wander too far outside the range of movement that might, at a pinch, and with due allowance being made for the difference of the medium, be found in a play. Gore feels no such reluctance, and, in the man's part in this duet for example, he is willing to use completely "unnatural" movement, so long as it conveys the emotion he is trying to express.

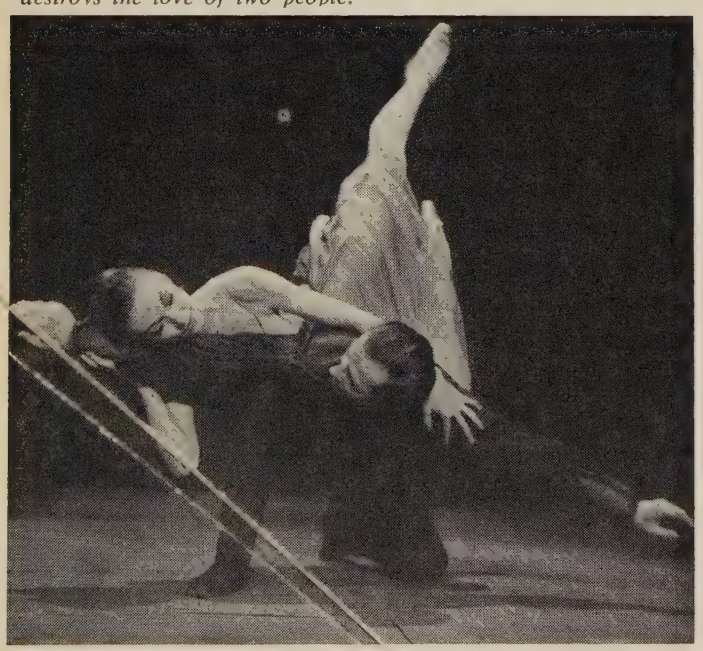
This heightened form of dance-acting is often used to considerable effect, and the contrast between its unbridled passion and the Bach music is a rewarding one. The fault of the ballet is that Gore's capability to go far enough, has sometimes led him to go too far, with the result that some of the choreography has an air of bombastic exaggeration. Also the mood is a little too unremittingly intense for it to be sustained over twenty minutes, yet it is a powerful and impressive ballet, with a fine air of poetry and truthfulness. The work could so easily have been a melodrama, and yet with its sensitively poignant ending, it holds together as a dance drama of memorable integrity.

DANCING

APART from its own merits, *Night and Silence* would have been welcome merely for re-introducing Paula Hinton to London, after far too long an absence. It also provides this fascinating dance actress with a rôle of considerable depth, well removed from the hysterical tigress-women the Hintons and Nora Kayes of this world are so often called upon to portray.

Alexa, in the hands of Hinton, is a touchingly real person. Her gaiety, with its neat touch of simulation, her protestations of innocence, her understanding and her final compassion, flavoured with a sort of agonised acceptance — all this is subtly

LOVE AND ANGER: Paula Hinton and Walter Gore in differing moods in his ballet which concerns the jealousy that almost destroys the love of two people. *Photos: Lazlo Szilvassy*



suggested. Throughout the entire rôle she implies a thin-veiled hysteria, a sense of emotion being pulled back by control.

She is passive, but her passivity has its positive aspects, and she sensitively portrays the "I-refuse-to-lose-my-temper-whatever-you-say" attitude, which acts like a red rag to her tortured bull of a lover. Splendidly, her dancing is implied in her acting, with the two being indistinguishable.

Gore's rôle of the Lover is far more obvious, being little more than a charge of passion's heavy brigade. He skilfully shows the doomed helplessness of a man held slave by his tyrant emotions. The ballet generates most of its very considerable power from the constant inter-play between these delicately observed and portrayed characters.

Clive Barnes.

MUSIC

BACH-and-Ballet is thought by some to be an almost blasphemous combination. I well remember the howls of indignation in several musical quarters when Roland Petit had the temerity to use the great C minor Passacaglia for *Le Jeune Homme et la Mort.* Noble music put to sordid purposes, thundered *The Times,* or words to that effect, when Petit first brought it to London, although who will doubt now that a great deal of whatever merit you care to ascribe to the ballet derives from the extraordinary spirit and impact of the music, and that its replacement of the jazz score to which the ballet was originally conceived was an inspired idea? Balanchine escaped censure for *Concerto Barocco,* since his "pure" conception was held to show respect for the music (and indeed the two elements are finely complemented by each other). But here we are with *Night and Silence* harnessing Bach to a self-proclaimed "Ballet of Jealousy".

And very effective it is too. I recall being slightly dubious at the ballet's Edinburgh première about the relationship between the music's cool formality and the ballet's hot-blooded emotion. A second performance soon won me over and, on seeing the ballet again three years later, I am still further impressed at the way the music and choreography coalesce and enhance each other. In a very real sense the score represents the ballet's inner spirit. Gore's choreography gives outward physical and psychological expression to musical rhythm and feeling circumscribed by its original idiom, while Bach is a means of illuminating the situation from within, and ultimately of inviting our compassion for the laceration of human feelings so vividly conveyed.

The success of the partnership is a tribute both to Gore's discriminating choice of works and to the skill of Charles Mackerras in arranging and orchestrating them. In their original form they are all keyboard works, transcribed here for harpsichord and small orchestra. In performing sequence they are: Prelude and Fugue in D (played in reverse order, the Fugue serving as overture); Adagio from the Toccata, Adagio and Fugue in C; No. 1 of the *12 Little Preludes* for keyboard; Toccata in D minor and the famous *Chromatic Fantasia.* A reprise of the Adagio provides the coda. At the performance I heard the Ballet Rambert orchestra under David Ellenberg gave an excellent performance, with admirable harpsichord playing by Joan Barker.

Noël Goodwin.

CALM AFTER THE STORM: Paula Hinton and Walter Gore at the end of Night and Silence *when they both become resigned to the fact that love will always have moments of rage and jealousy amounting almost to blind madness. Ronald Wilson's setting, not reproduced, is an admirably contrived room consisting of flats and a ceiling against black curtains. He has brought interesting textures and colours to his designs which provide just the background that this kind of work demands. The only weakness is in his costumes which need re-thinking.*
Photo: Lazlo Szilvassy.

BALLETS: U.S.A.

DECOR

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thal. I use the word 'illuminations' deliberately because what she did was to illuminate the dancers and give them plasticity and another dimension rather than just light them."

1961: Well, Nananne Porcher's name is no longer on the programme, apart from the lighting of *Moves,* and Jean Rosenthal is listed as Lighting and Production Supervisor. I cannot believe that her "supervision" has crossed the Atlantic, or at any rate the English Channel. Because though it was possible to see that her basic lighting plots still existed, something had gone a bit haywire with the present application of them.

Judged by lighting standards in Britain, the lighting was generally good. But Jean Rosenthal has set such an immensely high standard that anything less than superlative is just not good enough. The dancers seldom had "plasticity and another dimension" as I very clearly remember them to have, and sometimes they were not even lit so that they were clearly discernible from the auditorium. I don't know whether Jean Rosenthal, for whom I have an admiration bordering on idolatry, visited London during the season, but I would say that she didn't. She is a creative artist (yes, it's possible to be creative in light as it is in paint, stone, metal or anything else) who needs to alter and improvise all the time according to the conditions available. It is possible that the conditions were not so available as they might have been at the Saville Theatre, and the touch of the mistress was sorely needed.

1959: *". . . What Jean Rosenthal, with her décor and lighting, has done for* Afternoon of a Faun *is almost the complete antithesis of what Léon Bakst did for Nijinsky's* L'Apres-Midi d'un Faun. . . . *When this new version of Mallarmé's idea of Debussy's music is first seen through the white mists of a front-cloth, the* faun de nos jours *is so violently contrasted to his surrounding that the shock immediately sets up a* frisson . . . *White floor, white walls bisected by a solid black* barre *running round the three sides and the only relief supplied by a deep blue cyclorama seen through a high door cut in one wall and two other cuts in the side walls representing looking glasses — results in one of the most effective settings seen for many years."*

1961: I still feel exactly as I did in 1959 and even if the lighting does not always "seem to react to the changing emotions of the two dancers" this has a high place in the short list of the world's two-person ballet masterpieces — the other two being *Le Spectre de la Rose* and *Le Jeune Homme et la Mort.* Jean Rosenthal has created a décor that for sheer rightness in relation to its theme, music and choreography is a lesson to all ballet designers.

1959: *"If the first two works (i.e.* Moves *and* Afternoon of a Faun) *gave the feeling of suspension then the third,* N.Y. Export, Opus Jazz, *landed on the good-bad earth with a thud and the first of the non-union painters landed with it . . . anyway it was an honour to see the work of this fine artist* (Ben Shahn) *in the theatre . . ."*

1961: From a purely design point of view this looked even better during the recent London season because owing to an air crash that destroyed all the scenery on the way to Edinburgh two years ago I now realise that we never then saw the ballet quite as Shahn intended — only part of the scenery could be replaced by the London season. The work looks more complete than before and that is doubtless partly due to a new front-cloth which serves admirably as a mood-setter to the whole work, and a new cloth for "Passage for

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SWAN LAKE — *NEW VERSION: Marilyn Burr as Odette and Paul Comelin as Prince Siegfried in Vladimir Bourmeister's version of* Swan Lake, *act 2. The picture gives some idea of Edward Delany's setting. Photo: Mike Davis.*

Swan Lake—New Version

First given in London by London's Festival Ballet at the Royal Festival Hall, on July 31, 1961. Choreography by Vladimir Bourmeister after Lev Ivanov. Music by Tchaikovsky. Designed by Edward Delany.

CAST

Odette ..... IRINA BOROWSKA
Prince Siegfried ..... OLEG BRIANSKY
Leading Swans ..... JANET KEDGE, SHEILA MELVIN, ANNA WOOSTER
Cygnets ..... DIANE WESTERMAN, JOAN POTTER, ANGELA SYMONDS, SUSAN WINTERTON

Corps de Ballet of Swans

PRODUCTION AND CHOREOGRAPHY

EVERYONE in the West, or at least any one in that everyone who knows the slightest thing about ballet, is almost bound to associate the name of Vladimir Bourmeister with the ballet *Swan Lake*. It was in June, 1956, that Bourmeister brought his ballet company from Moscow's Stanislavsky and Nemirovitch-Dantchenko Theatre to Paris. This was the first Soviet ballet company to be seen in the West, and the sensation of the season was caused by Bourmeister's new realisation of *Swan Lake*.

Dramatic and vivid, using more of the original Tchaikovsky score than has ever been included either before or since, this *Swan Lake* came as part revolution and part revelation, and certainly since then we on *Dance and Dancers* have never hesitated to recommend it to our readers, especially those select few of our readers who happen to be responsible for producing *Swan Lake*. Even now, having seen Konstantin Sergeyev's equally fine, though very different, version for the Kirov Ballet, Bourmeister's "Stanislavsky" still stands as a measure of excellence. It therefore ought to be said at the outset that the new version of the second act he has produced so admirably for London's Festival Ballet is NOT the same as the production seen in Paris five years ago.

When Bourmeister staged *Swan Lake* for the Stanislavsky Company in 1953, the second act, which was based closely on the Ivanov original, was entrusted to the veteran ballet-master, P. Gusev. It was intended, so far as possible, to be an historical reconstruction of Ivanov's 1894 original, although certain concessions were made to contemporary taste, principally the omission of Benno and the Huntsmen.

Curiously enough, it was this act which was adversely criticised by Galina Ulanova in her perceptive article "The Fruits of Research", reprinted six years ago in *Dance and Dancers*. After praising the general conception of Bourmeister's production for its "freshness and novelty" she said: "Act II is cold and formal. It stands outside the dramatically packed production, since it has no action." She has said that this act is "enveloped in coldness", and demanded "more warmth, action and realism in it". After justifying Bourmeister's right to make *Swan Lake* "so dramatic and full of content", she continued: "This method, however, required all four acts to be equally filled with content. This has not happened, and 'everyday life' has proved more powerful and been more impressive than the poetry of the swans."

It is possible that Bourmeister's new version for Festival Ballet has been in part an attempt to answer Ulanova's allegation of "cold abstraction", and certainly most of his changes in the choreography appear to have been designed to add to the sense of drama.

Following the now almost universal Soviet practice, Bourmeister has once again done away with the redundant figures of Benno and the Huntsmen. As I wrote about these anachronistic dummies only last month when discussing the Kirov production, I do not propose to go once more into the overwhelming arguments in favour of their abandonment. Even so, this is the first time they have been dropped in an English production, and as such, sets a heartening precedent for the future.

Far more unusual is Bourmeister's omission of Rothbart, that oddly symbolic demon-king who provides the dramatic motive force for the ballet. In a sense this is a move in the direction of just that "cold abstraction" criticised by Ulanova, yet in practice it works out sensibly enough. When the second act of *Swan Lake* is produced by itself, it is always difficult to provide it with a feeling of complete-

ness. It seems silly to produce it merely as an extract from a full-length ballet, for this is to presume that the average member of the ballet audience knows the full-length version, which is far from being a safe assumption.

Diaghilev tackled this problem by having Siegfried die at the end of the second act. Such a device may not be particularly artistic, but it's a valid show business trick and gave the production a more or less satisfactory full-stop to end with. Bourmeister's new solution is, however, infinitely more attractive. He sees the whole act simply as a "vision" of Prince Siegfried, and when Siegfried is left at the end contemplatively holding a white feather — a production point taken, incidentally, from the full-length "Stanislavsky" version — the production achieves a touch of that same poetic compassion as informs Lavrovsky's last act of *Giselle,* when Albrecht is similarly left holding the flowers of his dream.

Choreographically Bourmeister has made many changes in his new version, although the basic dance-image of Ivanov's Swan remains, as indeed it must. He has also retained, virtually intact, the famous *pas de deux,* and also Odette's solo. Here and there parts of the *ensemble* are authentic Ivanov, such as the first entrance of the swans and the beginning of the *finale.* Equally he has accepted the Ivanov choreography for that irritating dance of the Little Swans, which is perhaps the one part of *Swan Lake* I would willingly be without, but in this I am probably merely being the necessary exception that is needed to prove every rule.

The only justification that can be found for altering Ivanov's original choreography (and even this is admittedly not an entire justification) is if you can better it. In many ways I feel Bourmeister has succeeded in this aim, and I think quite a lot of the passages in his version are in fact preferable to the Ivanov. They have a more "symphonic quality" which is in keeping with the music, and there is a greater degree of dramatic urgency about Bourmeister's dances than is to be found in Ivanov's. At times, however, his amendments are not to the ballet's advantage, and a striking example of this comes with the Dance of the Leading Swans, which, following the precedent of Gorsky, is choreographed for three dancers. There is a certain grand expansiveness about this dance, but I would like to suggest to Bourmeister, and indeed to all his Soviet colleagues, that Ivanov once choreographed a *pas de deux* for the Leading Swans which for sheer eloquence and simplicity no one is likely to equal.

It would be admirable if Bourmeister could return next year (or at a pinch the year after) and produce the full-length *Swan Lake* for Festival Ballet, in his own highly coloured, and dramatic version. It seems to me that this company, not having to bear the responsibility of being our specifically national ballet, would be fulfilling a very useful function in presenting Bourmeister's experimental version of *Swan Lake.* Naturally it is the responsibility of the Royal Ballet to perpetuate the Petipa/Ivanov original (although by all means they should remove such excrescences as Benno and his chums and imaginatively reproduce the original in much the same way as Lavrovsky has reproduced *Giselle* for the Bolshoi) but there is room alongside this for a more modern version, and it would be an extremely valuable acquisition for Festival Ballet.

DANCING

IT would take more than a Rothbart to enchant Festival Ballet (or indeed any British company) into swans overnight, or even over three months, and for audiences still reeling from their first sight of the Kirov swanneries, the Festival Ballet *ensemble* looked less than perfect. But — and this is an essential point — it looked a lot *less* less than perfect than one would have imaged possible a year ago. The *corps de ballet* is greatly improved of late, and nothing shows this improvement so well as *Swan Lake.*

Neither of the company's first two Odettes proved completely worthy of this very fine production. Irina Borowska is amply endowed with the glamour of a ballerina, she showed a certain star quality and a definite charm of personality. Yet her back was stiff and unyielding, and her shoulders were held too tight. Her acting seemed on the right lines but was too small-scaled to carry much conviction.

Marilyn Burr, the other Odette, has some qualities to recommend her, principally her vigorous technique. Her dancing was, however extremely unmusical, hard and quite lacking in the flowing lyricism one expects from a Swan Queen. She was tending to exaggerate certain poses, thus while she achieved a quite impressive arch to her back, this resulted in her, let us say, backfeathers jutting out in an ungainly fashion. Her acting looked strangely sinister — much as if Odile had rung her changes one act too early. Although, in my opinion, her style has coarsened somewhat over the years and so far prevented her from fulfilling her remarkable early promise, were she to aim at a greater simplicity and a more eloquent relationship with the music, she might still attain much.

Siegfried, which is now of course a non-dancing rôle, had three interpreters during the first part of the season. Oleg Briansky looked exceptionally handsome and partnered well. His acting remained a trifle over self-conscious, lost in the mad, wild wonder of it all, and with an emphasis on the rapture that was naturally blunted by over-repetition. The quality was undoubtedly right, but the quantity seemed misjudged.

Paul Comelin, the newcomer who had earlier made a strong impression as Mizgir in *The Snow Maiden,* seemed less well suited to Siegfried. His partnering proved

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FIRST CAST : Irina Borowska with Oleg Briansky in the Bourmeister version of Swan Lake *which he mounted for London's Festival Ballet. Photos : Anthony Crickmay.*

TWO FROM CULLBERG: Left, Yvonne Brosset, as Circe, and Bjorn Holmgren as Odysseus, in Birgit Cullberg's Odysseus. *Right, Mariane Orlando as Ellida and Verner Klavsen as the Sailor in Cullberg's* Lady from the Sea. *Photos: Enar Merkel Rydberg.*

Cullberg triumphs on home ground

In this year's Stockholm Festival it was Birgit Cullberg, a Swedish choreographer who has worked mainly outside her native country, whose ballets brought the greatest distinction to the occasion.

by GENE PALATSKY

THE triumph of the Stockholm Festival was Birgit Cullberg and the Swedes hardly deserve her contribution. In the three ballet evenings, her *Lady from the Sea* and *Odysseus,* new to the repertoire, were the only major works which the company danced well. The chief artistic event of the June season was a non-festival preview of Cullberg's television ballet, *The Evil Queen,* based on *Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs.* But Cullberg has no official position with the Royal Swedish Ballet. Not one of her important ballets has been premièred at the Royal Theatre, although the management has gotten around to staging these productions once they were applauded elsewhere. She is in demand from Copenhagen (adding *Lady from the Sea* in the autumn) to Santiago, Chile (acquiring *Miss Julie* this summer), to New York (where American Ballet Theatre will mount its third Cullberg work, *The Moon Reindeer,* and première a fourth, a dramatic *pas de deux,* in the autumn). The best Cullberg dancers are the Swedes. She is needed in her native country, but Sweden has made no place for her.

This American observer, grounded on Balanchine, fought inwardly against Cullberg from the start, rejecting her use of dance movement — sometimes banal or irrelevant in *Miss Julie,* for instance — purely for dramatic purposes. Little movement in *Miss Julie* or *Medea* seemed interesting as dance itself. But after being overpowered time and again by the dramatic intensity of these two works, and especially by *The Moon Reindeer,* a tighter, more poetic creation, one began to realise that Miss Cullberg was saying something new in ballet. She goes to the core of the human problem, not using Tudor's realistic gestures and tell-tale choreographic patterns, but relying completely on dance movement individualised for each character — a personal Jooss-influenced-classical-ballet variety. In *Lady from the Sea* she cuts out the redundancies and dramatic excess of her earlier works, and develops a prime theme from beginning to end. In her new TV ballet, she accomplishes the same thematic continuity with more complex subject matter. And, at last, in these two late works, the purposeful movement is often lovely in itself.

In *Odysseus,* first danced by the Finnish ballet on an American tour in 1959, she attempts to trace man's wandering in search of romance; but, out of Cullberg-trained habit, this spectator found himself more interested in her frustrated, longing women—the enchantress Circe, the innocent Nausicaa and the not-too-patient Penelope. They were portrayed with impact by the exotic Yvonne Brosset, sweet-faced Aasa Hermansson, and Ellen Rasch, respectively, at the festival. As Cullberg does not see Odysseus as heroic, Willy Sandberg won sympathy with his excellent enactment, but he does not have sufficiently dominating stage activity to thread the scenes together.

There are some striking theatrical moments —Odysseus' warriors forming a human chariot for his escape from Circe, and later serving as his ocean vessel until "swamped" by Poseidon's waves *(corps de ballet* girls). These are not choreographic tricks in Cullberg's usage, but vignettes of nature.

It is a pity—and typical of the inane ballet scheduling which plagues this company — that *Lady from the Sea,* another "water ballet", was on the same programme, separated inadequately by Ivo Cramér's latest *smorgasbord.*

Cullberg's *Lady from the Sea* (premièred by Ballet Theatre in the spring of 1960) has the same problem as Ibsen's play — an unacceptable ending. One would rather not think that a beautiful young lady, contemplating the unknown romantic love symbolised by the sea, and the family-doting security of bourgeois home life,

would choose the latter. While Ibsen at least rationalises this choice, Cullberg's ending is not convincing. After Ellida has wrapped herself into an almost symbiotic relationship (in the choreography) with the Sailor (the man from the sea), she is drawn abruptly back into the family circle by a mere glance of affection from her step-daughter. Possibly an interlude for Ellida, letting her spell out the emotional conflict more believably before her decision, would do the trick.

Mariane Orlando, the world's Number One Cullberg dancer and Scandinavia's leading ballerina, wove subtlety and primitive passion into the title rôle. Verner Klavsen was tender, exciting as the Sailor. Despite one's objection to the ending, it's a mystically gripping ballet.

For *The Evil Queen,* Cullberg created her dance drama by drawing a triangle in the rehearsal room and arranging the action to focus on one of the angles—where the TV camera would be. So the camera never budges, as she moves her dancers near and far to achieve close-ups and background scenes.

Cullberg's Queen is not only vain about her beauty, as in the story, but also conscious and doubtful of her sexual powers over the King. As danced brilliantly by the dark-haired Orlando, she is arrogant, and yet perversely jealous of her step-daughter, Snow White. This ingénue has not the "hair as black as ebony" of the Grimms' dream girl, but the gold tresses of Sweden's other ballerina—a true princess, Gerd Andersson. The Queen moves in dark expressionist style, while Snow White twirls buoyantly in classical patterns. The King (Denmark's Frank Schaufuss) is torn choreographically and emotionally between the two females. Their personality contrast is underlined by the bewitching score of Dag Wirén. This Swedish composer set the music to a detailed synopsis (with time lengths) provided by Cullberg, who then shaped her choreography to the score.

The Dwarfs, characterised neatly by the woodwinds, enter each time from the background, trooping along playfully and a bit sadly. Snow White's charming relations with the Dwarfs, the attempts on her life, and her ultimate union with the Prince (Caj Selling) are knit together by well-timed reappearances of the Queen, raving in fury and anguish.

All the dancers prove themselves fine actors, with natural but artfully dramatic facial expressions in the close-ups. Even on stage, Swedish dancers keep their faces "quiet" until the auspicious moment for expression, not "projecting" emotion with distorted glances; and the effect is marvellous. Mime training is not included in their ballet curriculum, and it seems unnecessary. Mariane Orlando, as a Cullberg heroine, emphasises a moment of self-doubt by holding her head and upper body erect, with outward pride, perhaps hunching her shoulders a bit and moving her hands against her body to indicate worry—all expresses everything.

The Evil Queen is the best TV ballet seen yet by this observer (having never witnessed Margaret Dale's work, admittedly). Credit Birgit Cullberg and Arne Arnbom, music director of Swedish Radio. Swedish TV audiences will see the half-hour tape on September 22, and it will be entered that month in the *Premio Italia* radio-TV festival at Pisa. A B.B.C. official stopped in to watch the preview in Stockholm, and he spoke of bringing the tape to England.

The Royal Swedish Ballet in the autumn will lose Orlando, Caj Selling and Wiweka Ljung, all of them joining American Ballet Theatre for the season. The infrequency of performances and the low level of the repertoire in Stockholm has killed these dancers' interest, and their departure serves Sweden right.

The company seemed near the top last year, after Vida Brown, former ballet mistress of the New York City Ballet, had sharpened the dancers to enable some finely spun Balanchine performances. There is abundant talent still visible. Innate vigour enlivens their efforts. But classroom deficiencies are on wide display, and *ensemble* discipline is missing altogether. Injuries have bedeviled the company. There is a raging dispute in the Stockholm dance press over the ballet administration; but as a foreigner, suffice it to say that the Royal Theatre directors, so proud of their operas, will have as good a ballet company as they want. Ideally, of course, the ballet should be under independent direction in a separate theatre. Continental opera intendants are rarely sympathetic to ballet needs, though they might realise that a

SNOW WHITE ON TV: Cullberg's television ballet called The Evil Queen *with (above) Mariane Orlando as The Queen and Frank Schaufuss as The King; below, Gerd Andersson as Snow White and John Burman as the Queen's Murderer.*

NIGHTMARE AND RHAPSODY: Left, a scene from Ivo Cramér's Bluebeard's Nightmare *with Teddy Rhodin as Bluebeard and Yvonne Brosset as a shrewdish wife. Right, Bjorn Holmgren's* Swedish Rhapsody *with Berit Skoeld and Soeren Backlund. Photos: Enar Merkel Rydberg.*

theatre's reputation is built on every performing night.

A pre-festival *Swan Lake* featured Orlando and Selling, at least. Orlando still lacks continuous lyricism in the second act, and Selling has momentary lapses in placement amid his virtuosity; but this is quibbling. The two are first-rate artists. Selling is rid of his boyishness as the Prince, now shaping as a mature though wistful youth, who acts and reacts logically throughout, so that his initial confusion at the third act revelation, then the shock and disappointment, was actually touching. The Black Swan *pas de deux* was spectacular, and the young couple blended even this cadenza into the dramatic action. Berit Skoeld sparkled through the first act *pas de trois* with Conny Borg as an impressive partner; Gunilla Roempke promised a bright future with her musical Big Swan, and Yvonne Brosset and Svante Lindberg had dazzling moments in the Basque (Spanish) Dance of the third act.

This production has another prize — the wonderful mime of Anne-Marie Lagerborg as the Queen Mother. Her advice to Siegfried was explicit, and beautiful.

For the festival *Swan Lake,* Orlando retired with an injured knee. She and Selling were replaced by Loulou Portefaix and Verner Klavsen, neither of them ready for such assignments. The *corps* of swans was ragged, most of the *divertissements* were uninspired, and the evening as a whole illustrated the fallen state of the Swedish Ballet.

The new *Bluebeard's Nightmare,* by Ivo Cramér, is a clever theatre piece, with humorous episodes to justify each of Bluebeard's wife murders — one spouse was too nosy, one too neat, even one had a weak heart and died naturally. As the henpecked Bluebeard, Teddy Rhodin mimed his antics with fun and skill. It's a colourful production, billed as a ballet-pantomime — maybe as an excuse. The choreography is kindergarten level, just as in Cramér's equally clever *The Prodigal Son.* Bjorn Holmgren's *Swedish Rhapsody,* an endearing sequence of gentle moods (some of them insignificant in dance terms) showed off the qualities in movement of Holmgren and the lovely Berit Skoeld. Birgit Akesson's *Rites* carries a powerful message on man's cruelty, but its hodgepodge of unrelated dance styles is an ineffective means of expression. The programme notes are more helpful. This tourist would have liked to see a solo recital of Akesson's modern dance works at the festival.

Gerd Andersson was on the injured list. Wiweka Ljung and Caj Selling were healthy, but just not used. Bjorn Holmgren and Mariane Orlando, due to indispositions, appeared only one evening apiece. They were all sorely missed. Yet, when the stars were on stage, the unprofessional display behind them was even more glaring.

Ironically, it is Sweden that has produced the ballerinas in recent years—not Denmark, with its model ballet organisation. Something in the dynamic Swedish atmosphere must kindle this added spark. One of the ballerinas, Elsa-Marianne Von Rosen, will return this season to the Royal Ballet, as a guest soloist, and to stage a new ballet.

A rewarding spectacle in June was Wiweka Ljung's rehearsal for her first try at *The Moon Reindeer,* scheduled for a summer tour in the Swedish provinces. Her cool beauty and dramatic gifts should enrich this ballet. Even in a chaotic rehearsal room, Cullberg's creativity seemed passionate and profound.

NEXT MONTH

In the November *Dance and Dancers* (on sale October 25) will appear:

DOUBLE BILL: Reviews and many pictures of the two new creations for the Royal Ballet at Covent Garden — Kenneth MacMillan's *Diversions* and Alfred Rodrigues' *Jabez and the Devil.*

TRIPLE BILL: Reviews and new pictures of Peter Darrell's *Salade,* Alfred Rodrigues' *Renard* and Kenneth MacMillan's *Seven Deadly Sins* given by Western Theatre Ballet in Edinburgh and in London.

ROYAL BALLET GOES EAST: a talk with the touring company's director, John Field, on the recent tours in the Near and Far East.

AT HOME: Reviews of: the Royal Ballet at Covent Garden, London's Festival Ballet at Festival Hall, the Ukrainian State Dance Company at the Royal Albert Hall.

FROM ABROAD: A Negro company in America and other news from New York by Arthur Todd.

Carmen

All the pictures are from the British Lion film, Black Tights, now showing at the London Coliseum and in which Carmen is shown in full.

FIRST MEETING : Above, Carmen (Zizi Jeanmaire) the cigarette girl, gets involved in a fight with a girl in the cigarette factory. This leads to, below, her arrest and first meeting with Don José (Roland Petit). Two scenes from the opening moments of Petit's version of Carmen.

CARMEN is not, I would say, Roland Petit's best ballet, yet it is certainly his most famous and in some ways his most characteristic. First produced in London in 1949 it immediately caused a sensation. If I remember correct, the *Daily Mirror* referred to it as BALLET SOCKO ! (a phrase I never understood but rather admired), while the *Daily Express,* in those days, at least, not always as enlightened about ballet as it might have been, called it a "sex-bomb", which, as you will agree, is nicer than strontium. But this was not just a ballet of immediate impact, it had a vast influence on the whole art and one which future dance historians will do well to ponder on. If Helen launched a thousand ships, *Carmen* launched a thousand . . . well, anyway, it had a vast influence.

To an extent *Carmen* was the culmination of Petit's career to date. Born in a Paris suburb, he trained at the Paris Opéra and made his début as a choreographer as long ago as 1941, at the tender age of seventeen. The dance recitals he gave, principally with Janine Charrat, culminated in a series of *Soirées de la Danse* given at the Théâtre Sarah-Bernhardt in 1944. The following year Petit, inspired by Boris Kochno and Christian Bérard, created his first important ballet, *Les Forains,* and later that year, on October 12, the newly-formed company, Les Ballets des Champs Elysées, gave its first performance. Petit remained with this company as principal choreographer, under the artistic direction of Kochno, until the end of 1947, when he left following a disagreement with the management. The following year Petit formed his own company, Les Ballets de Paris, bringing the company to London at the beginning of the following year.

He started rehearsing *Carmen* at the end of 1948, while Les Ballets de Paris was engaged on its first German tour. He more or less finished the ballet in Paris, prior to the London opening. Also while he was in Paris, he took Renée Jeanmaire, his Carmen, to the salon of the famous Parisian *coiffeur,* Antonio, where, according to Irène Lidova's biography, "Roland sacrifia sans hésiter . . . les boucles de Zizi Jeanmaire. En un clin d'oeil Zizi-Carmen fut transformée en une gamine équivoque aux chevaux plaqués et luisants."

For his scenery and costumes Petit had gone to the Spanish artist Antoni Clavé, who previously had had a great success with Ana Nevada's ballet *Los Caprichos* for Les Ballets des Champs Elysées. The patchwork score from the Bizet opera was put together and partly re-orchestrated by André Girard.

Wisely Petit refrained from opening his London season at the Princes Theatre with the new *Carmen,* holding it back for his second programme on February 21, 1949. Its success was instantaneous. Immediately everyone (or everyone with a right to be considered anyone) was either enthusing about it, or (more rarely) denouncing it, while all over London, without hesitation, young girls were sacrificing "les boucles", in a usually forlorn attempt to emulate the tom-boy Zizi.

Curiously enough *Carmen* was all the vogue that year, although what particular post-war appetite this young lady from Spain appeased was perhaps never as clear as it seemed to be. Anyway Carmens came in all shapes and sizes that spring — in addition to Petit's Zizi, Bizet's original flounced in to both Covent Garden and Sadler's Wells, while Prosper Merimée's original novel formed the basis for two films that year, one French and one American. Undoubtedly 1949 was a good pull-up for Carmen.

Carmen proved a meal-ticket for Les Ballets de Paris, as well as providing Petit with a passport to fame and fortune. But

THE BEGINNING OF THE AFFAIR: Don José (Petit) having found Carmen (Jeanmaire) again, they live together in a sleazy quarter of Seville.

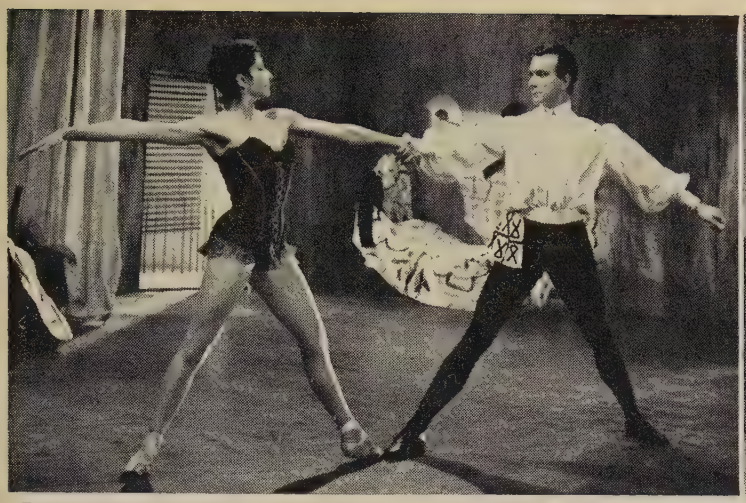
his temerity in using Bizet's old masterpiece did not pass altogether unchallenged. In England little enough was said, but when the ballet at last escaped from the possessive embraces of the English audience (it could have run almost forever in a straight theatrical season) and travelled to Paris, a few Gallic eyebrows were raised in surprise and pens lifted in anger. One of the most doughty opponents to the new ballet was the influential writer François Mauriac, who wrote "A Letter in connection with an Outrage on Carmen", which the English magazine *Ballet* was enterprising enough to reprint a year later, together with its reply.

Mauriac's letter, originally written for the *Revue de Paris,* was supposedly addressed to a pseudonymous lady of taste, "Armande". It attacked the ballet with a bitterness that only a French critic could muster. After referring to the authors as "flies who lay their eggs only in the heart of some masterpiece: and like flies they excrete on works of art," Mauriac flailed out in all directions. "How they despise, fundamentally, the last act of *Carmen,* the culmination of love in death, that ancient, trite story of two human beings, the endless 'Then you don't love me any more!' — 'No, I don't love you any more!' How they overdo it for the sake of a little entertainment! Occasionally a tune from Bizet's *Carmen* emerged from the disgusting pantomime and drifted towards us, borne by a sea breeze laden with salt and iodine, stronger, suddenly, than the ordure at our feet."

Denise Bourdet, who identified herself as "Armande", hastened to reply in the following issue of the magazine, and with cool, calm logic almost completely demolished Mauriac's fevered argument, scatological imagery and all. The controversy remains interesting, however, partly because it represents a not insignificant segment of contemporary French opinion, but also because while anyone now reading this brief pamphlet-war is bound to conclude that the man of letters was ingloriously defeated, in his attack on the power of soi-disante "good taste" on French ballet, Mauriac was perhaps unconsciously pinpointing not only the weakness of *Carmen* in particular or even French ballet in general, but the whole tenor of the European ballet scene in the immediate post-war. It was the age of the *ballet chic,* and for all his bombast, Mauriac saw through it.

In fact what Petit did to Bizet was not so heinous! As Denise Bourdet was quick to riposte, Petit's treatment of the opera was hardly more cavalier than that of Bizet's librettists, who introduced "the absurd and tearful Micaela" into Merimée's novel. In fact in some salient details Petit, who banished Bizet's foolish virgin, proved more loyal to the original than had the

BEDROOM SCENE: Petit and Jeanmaire in the beginning of what is probably the most daring bedroom scene in post-war ballet. The love affair of Carmen and Don José is tempestuous and brief.



THE STORMS OF PASSION: The love affair between Carmen and Don José continues its course (above). But Carmen soon seeks other excitements and gets Don José involved in a gang of thieves. Eventually forsaken by her, Don José thinks only of revenge. Finally meeting her again outside a bullring where she has become involved with a matador, they have a last encounter in which he kills her. The beginning of this final pas de deux *is seen in the picture below.*

composer. Art is a cannibalistic enterprise in any event, and even Petit's distressingly casual use of the music provides more of a surprise than a nightmare.

Petit is more distinguished as a producer than as a choreographer pure and simple, not that he is ever more than rarely pure and only very occasionally simple! His actual choreographic invention shows more ingenuity than inspiration, more facility than fluency, while his attitude towards music tends to be naïve. In *Carmen* there is comparatively little in the choreography that is particularly memorable, although the erotic *pas de deux* for Carmen and Don José is unquestionably an interesting piece of work, at a higher level than the rest of the ballet. Other isolated patches of choreography stand out, such as the tiny *pas de trois* for the Bandits, and the splendidly contrived entrance for the Toreador (who is really a matador!), a gem of comic dancing which makes admirable play of Bizet's note on the score for the "Toreador's Song" — "avec fatuité". The rest of the choreography is pretty mediocre stuff, including Don José's poor Spanish-flavoured, *zapateado*-type solo to music filched from Carmen's Habañera.

Yet viewed as a piece of theatre, *Carmen* has many fine moments. The sleazy atmosphere, and the heightened sense of dramatic tension is carefully sustained throughout, and in smaller, but no less telling, touches, Petit shows his mastery over what makes the theatre tick. The murder by Don José, where the stabbed victim poises motionless, balanced between life and death before he crashes to the ground, and the even more impressive moment right at the end of the ballet when after Carmen's death, sombreros are thrown on to the stage from the direction of the unseen bull-fight — instances like these multiply up to give the ballet considerable melodramatic power.

As well as being a splendid producer, Petit is equally quite possibly the finest artistic director working in ballet today. He has an unerring sense of rightness in picking collaborators, and he has never demonstrated this to finer effect than by his choice of Clavé for *Carmen*. Here is the Spain of our dreams — colourful, tattered, smelling of garlic, dirty and romantic. Each one of Clavé's settings burst upon the audience like a revelation, with their wildly original shapes, their evocative power and their highly personal beauty. His costumes — gleaming brightly like macaws in a primarily black and white world — are just as imaginative and apt, and finally the ballet was beautifully lit, in a manner that made the very best of all its constituents.

Also it was brilliantly danced. Jeanmaire, passionate, sensual, spitfire lover, was Carmen to the life, and she has proved irreplaceable in the work, although the rôle has been played more than adequately in London by Colette Marchand and Violette Verdy, and in Paris as well as these two by Moira Shearer and Irène Skorik. Petit himself has gone from strength to strength as Don José, as he has, surprisingly in view of all his commitments, matured into something very close to a great dancer. His acting, particularly in recent performances, has been superb, while his dancing, which has always had panache, later acquired the certainty and amplitude which were at first missing. In the minor rôles, I feel the original cast has not really been surpassed. Who could ever forget Serge Perrault's preposterous popinjay of a Toreador, Gordon Hamilton, Teddy Rodolphe and Jane Lauost as the Bandits, or even Joan Sheldon in the tiny rôle of the girl who picks a fight with Carmen at the beginning of the ballet?

Yet the final importance of *Carmen* cannot merely be summed up by any account of the impact of its first performances, or even an assessment of its qualities as a theatre piece. Its ultimate importance is as a pace-setter, for its frank eroticism, particularly in the *pas de deux*, formulated a new pattern for a type of ballet, and like Lawrence's Lady Chatterley, Petit's Carmen is a lady of more importance than critical judgment might allow. There are many ballets, and many ballets better than *Carmen*, that would have been different were it not for the break-through of sex-taboos that *Carmen* represented. On the other hand, if it did good, it also did bad — and the ultimate responsibility for some of the worst derivative ballets to be seen during the past twelve years can be laid at its door.

Clive Barnes.

HE DANCES FOR FONTEYN: Rudolf Nureyev, seated, talking to Raymundo Larrain, artistic director of the De Cuevas company in which Nureyev stars. This dancer from the Kirov will appear in Dame Margot Fonteyn's R.A.D. matinée on November 2. Photo: Lido.

SHE DANCES WITH A MATADOR: Pilar Lopez, first lady of the Spanish dance, had an unusual partner when she danced with Antonio Ordoñez, one of the first gentlemen of the Spanish bullring. This took place at a party in Rome during Pilar Lopez's recent highly successful tour of Italy. Photo: Gomez.

curtain up!

And she pulled out a plum

WHEN she organises her annual gala for the Royal Academy of Dancing, Dame Margot Fonteyn can usually be guaranteed to comb the world for what talent is available at the time. And it usually amounts to the most distinguished gathering of dancers to be seen on any stage in any year in any place. The effort and energy that goes into the organising of these occasions should be a lesson to everyone — and no sooner is one Gala over than she starts planning for the next.

This year, for the Gala Matinée at Drury Lane on November 2, she realises part of what has been her ambition for some time — namely to present dancers from Soviet Russia. Though Rudolf Nureyev has come from Russia via Paris, where he has been hailed now for several months during his appearances in the de Cuevas *The Sleeping Beauty*, he will be welcomed nonetheless. Not so much for his spectacular dash to the West, a fact which tends to obliterate so much else about this former Kirov dancer, but because he is obviously one of the foremost male dancers that there are around today. If anything could guarantee a sell-out at this matinée, a question that is seldom in doubt anyway, then his appearance is the most sure-fire guarantee that anyone is likely to get in these days.

Not only him but some dancers of the Royal Danish Ballet are promised and they are members of still one of the most popular companies ever to visit Britain. In addition there will doubtless be a number of our own dancers appearing led by the R.A.D.'s industrious President, who is, of course (and for the benefit of those who might have been asleep for a hundred years), none other than Dame Margot Fonteyn de Arias.

Founder Member

AND while we are on the subject of the Royal Academy of Dancing, it is Ursula Moreton who has been awarded their Queen Elizabeth II Coronation Award for the year. Although everyone now knows of her work as principal of the Royal Ballet School, I suspect that many of the present generation do not realise the full part she has played in the foundation of British ballet.

I make no excuses for putting you in the picture. Ursula Moreton has the distinction of being the only R.A.D. Award winner to have a rôle named after her in a ballet. This was Ursula in Dame Ninette de Valois' *The Haunted Ballroom*, which she created at the first performance (the other rôles were Alicia, after Alicia Markova, and Beatrice, after Beatrice Appleyard). But this was only one of many parts she created in ballets by De Valois, Ashton and others during the 'thirties.

She was originally trained by Cecchetti and by the famous mime Francesca Zanfretta. Her début was with Karsavina in *The Truth About the Russian Dancers* at the London Coliseum, and she was also one of the first English dancers in the Diaghilev company, playing one of the Porcelain Princesses (the *Danse Chinoise* from *Casse Noisette* interpolated into the last act) in *The Sleeping Princess* of 1921. Later Ursula Moreton was Fokine's leading dancer in the production of Flecker's *Hassan* before joining Ninette de Valois' Academy of Choreographic Art as a teacher in 1926. When De Valois started the Vic-Wells Ballet, Moreton was a soloist and assistant ballet mistress from the beginning. She excelled in character and mimed rôles as well as playing leading parts in *Le Carnaval, Les Sylphides, Le Spectre de la Rose* and other works.

Running the old Sadler's Wells Theatre Ballet from 1945, when it started, until 1952, her last appearance on stage was at the "twenty-first birthday" of the Sadler's Wells Ballet (given, in error, one year early on May 15, 1950 — one of De Valois' few miscalculations), when she returned for one night only to perhaps the most famous of her created parts — that of the Dancer, the one with red stockings, in *The Rake's Progress*.

Denmark Bound

THE Royal Danish Ballet have long sought the services of British choreographers, and some years ago they managed to ensnare Frederick Ashton, who created for them the very distinguished production of Prokofiev's full-length *Romeo and Juliet*. This autumn they have secured another, and Kenneth MacMillan is to re-create no less than three of his ballets for them. They will be *Danses Concertantes* and *The Burrow*, both with their original designs by Nicholas Georgiadis, and *Solitaire*, with new designs by Kenneth Rowell. This should prove to be an interesting experience for MacMillan, whose work should cer-

tainly be seen in more foreign companies — it might also prove to be an interesting experience for the Danes. The other famous choreographers who have mounted several of their ballets on this company include Balanchine, Birgit Cullberg, Roland Petit and Jerome Robbins.

Sick-listed Visitors

IT must have been deeply distressing for Jerome Robbins to have so many of his small company stricken during the recent Ballets: U.S.A. season at the Saville Theatre — distressing as well as involving everybody in a lot of extra hard work. Among the principals, Erin Martin, Patricia Dunn and Lawrence Gradus were all on the sick list for part of the season and also other members of the company were off for part of the three-week season.

This was unfortunate enough in a company of no stars, or rather in which *everyone* is a principal, but it is even worse when a visiting star is taken ill because replacements are impossible. We had all looked forward so much to seeing again that charming Hungarian ballerina, Zsuzsa Kun, dancing with London's Festival Ballet during their International Guest Artist week at Festival Hall and her sudden injury came as all the more of a shock.

She and her husband, Victor Fülop, did actually make one appearance, dancing in the *Flames of Paris pas de deux*. Then she injured her leg and had to cancel the rest of her performances.

I know that everyone will wish her a full and speedy recovery and she might derive some comfort from the fact that she will always be welcome here.

Dream Ballet

WHEN Agnes de Mille hired a studio in the 'thirties, the young man who took her booking told her that one day he was going to run a big ballet company. She thought it funny.

The young man was Richard Pleasant, and when, not long after, he *did* have a big ballet company to run, De Mille was one of the choreographers he hired. Others were Fokine, Nijinska, Tudor and at least half-a-dozen more, including Jerome Robbins. The company was Ballet Theater and Pleasant was its first director. He brought his dream company to life in a way no one believed possible.

Starting as manager of the Mordkin Ballet, he talked Lucia Chase into backing his grand conception, Mikhail Mordkin into giving him a free hand, and everyone else into collaborating. He made history, too, by insisting on good pay for the dancers and adequate rehearsal time. When funds were no longer forthcoming to run things as he wanted, he resigned.

He kept his contact with the dance as a public relations man, his assignments including the Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival and other attractions. On July 4, he died in New York aged 52. Ballet today is different because of that young man's dream.

happy birthday to...

		October
Nadia Nerina	The Royal Ballet	21
Alan Woodard	London's Festival Ballet	21
John Field	Royal Ballet Organisation	21
Diane Elesmore	London's Festival Ballet	26
Elaine Fifield	In retirement	28
Louis Godfrey	London's Festival Ballet	29
Gale Law	London's Festival Ballet	29
Patricia Thorogood	The Royal Ballet	29
Serge Golovine	De Cuevas International Ballet	30
Michael Maule	London's Festival Ballet	31
		November
Audrey Harman	Royal Ballet Organisation	1
Carme Mathe	De Cuevas International Ballet	3
Antonio		4
Donald McAlpine	London's Festival Ballet	4
Violetta Elvin	In retirement in Italy	4
Dianne Richards	London's Festival Ballet	13
Antonio Gades	Pilar Lopez Ballet Español	16
David Adams	London's Festival Ballet	16
Anne Heaton	The Royal Ballet	19
Hylda Zinkin		19
Leila Zorina	Canadian National Ballet	19
Marilyn Burr	London's Festival Ballet	20
Ram Gopal		20
Margrethe Schanne	Royal Danish Ballet	21

HARLEQUIN TAKES OVER: With the demolition of St. Luke's Hall in Chelsea, formerly the headquarters of the School of Russian Ballet, new premises had to be found. John Gregory was lucky to find an admirable hall and stage at St. Andrew's Hall, in West Kensington. Students and pupils are seen helping John Gregory (seated) with the decoration of their new premises. With the change, the title of the school has also changed to that of The Harlequin School of Ballet, and named after the company which tours and is part of the school's work. Photo: Fox.

Dancer You Will Know

BRENDA LAST

BORN in London on April 17, 1938. Started to dance with Biddy Pinchard in Tulse Hill, where she took all the R.A.D. Syllabus and solo seal examinations. She won the Adeline Genée Gold Medal in 1955. In the autumn of that year she appeared with the short-lived West Country Ballet at the Edinburgh Festival, and during 1955 and 1956 she spent a year with the Royal Ballet School. Following work in films and TV she went to Stratford to appear as principal dancer in a Christmas show, Toad of Toad Hall, *arranged by Elizabeth West. After the show had finished Elizabeth West invited her to become a founder-member of the Western Theatre Ballet when it formed in the May of 1957.*

Creations (for West Country Ballet): Page in Herne the Hunter; *Mother in* The Selchie; *Susan's Friend in* Black-Eyed Susan. *(For Western Theatre Ballet): First Movement of* Quartier; *Second Movement in* Ode; *Rosetta in* Salade; *Pimpernella in* Pulcinella; *Bird in* Peter and the Wolf; *Dancer in* Chiaroscuro. *Rôles (for Western Theatre Ballet): Columbine and Papillon in* Carnaval; Giselle *Peasant* pas de deux; Casse Noisette pas de deux; *Celesthina in* Celeste and Celesthina; *Soloist in* Tableaux Vivants; *Leading Dancer in* The Enchanted Rose Garden; *Young Girl in* Sonate à Trois; *"Writing on the Wall" in* Street Games.

THE virtuoso soubrette is a type of dancer exceedingly rare in British ballet; in fact, off hand, we can only think of three — Nadia Nerina, Lucette Aldous and Brenda Last. All of them are brilliant technicians, and all have remarkable elevation. Unlike the other two, Last is not in a company which encourages star appeal, and she is completely integrated into the team that is Western Theatre Ballet. Sometimes her dancing, in say Darrell's *Chiaroscuro* or as Papillon in Fokine's *Carnaval,* has a quality of quite breathtaking brilliance. At the moment her comparative lack of any very distinctive personality is a disadvantage. However, this is developing and strengthening, while as a dancer she is still improving and should soon have few technical rivals in British ballet.

BALLET RAMBERT
at Sadler's Wells
Architects of the past

ALTHOUGH it seems only yesterday that Lionel Bradley published his *Sixteen Years of the Ballet Rambert,* it certainly is not. Now another sixteen years have passed, and of the ballets Bradley so faithfully recorded, apart from the Tudor quartet, only *Czernyana* and *Façade* are left in the current repertory. Yet this is not quite true, for at the end of 1945 just before dear Uncle Leo drew the line across his balance sheet, the company produced the last act of *Giselle,* and this, although no one knew it then, was a sign of the times. The Rambert was developing from the chamber group born under Mercury, into a medium-size classical company, and although even now the multi-act classics are not so dominating here as they are with our larger national companies, during the summer season at Sadler's Wells more than half the programmes included a 19th-century classic.

The three ballets in question, *Coppélia, Giselle* and Bournonville's *La Sylphide* (last year's imaginative acquisition) are all at present serving as vehicles for the brilliance of Lucette Aldous, and the Rambert are fortunate in having a dancer of her distinctive talents.

Her progress in all three rôles has been remarkable. As Swanilda her dancing is a marvel of delicacy, but the delicacy has a slightly hard edge to it, a kind of heartlessness once present in much of her dancing, which now seems only to persist in this brightly soubrette rôle. As La Sylphide she has improved immeasurably from last season, and acquired more style, more charm and more conviction. In places, such as the episode of the bird's nest, she achieves an exquisite blend of period charm and tenderness, while her dancing has nearly all the bland buoyancy one could wish for in Bournonville.

Her Giselle is almost equally improved. This is not a dramatic portrayal, and possibly her second act is better than her first, despite her dazzling account of the first act variation, yet enclosed within the felicities of the Rambert production, recently overhauled and now excellent in all but two of the tiniest points imaginable even to a critic, this Giselle has flowered out into something very lovely. Its dance qualities are somewhat reminiscent of Nerina's, yet there is at the same time something of the fragility of Sally Gilmour about Aldous, that would have pleased Bradley very much.

This season Aldous has shared both La Sylphide and Giselle with the promising June Sandbrook. Although a year older than the 22-year-old Aldous, Sandbrook is considerably less experienced in principal rôles, and her London débuts as these Romantic heroines came as a small revelation. In both she proved musical and assured, and although not yet technically perfect, her dancing was distinctive, while her acting had the unusual gift of apparent spontaneity. Rather less stylish than Aldous, as Giselle she had exactly that air of artless conviction that still eludes the ballerina. All in all Sandbrook had just the pearly radiance that gives Romantic ballet its peculiarly gentle lustre.

Both girls in all ballets were partnered by the hard-working, stalwart Kenneth Bannerman, and partnered extremely well. His acting and bearing are immensely improved from when he first diffidently assumed these *premier danseur* rôles, and his James in *La Sylphide* is a particularly commendable piece of characterisation. His dancing however still requires improvement. At its worst as Franz and at its best as James, it lacks technical finish and *brio.*

All three of these classical productions reveal much the same eye for detail and care in overall conception. The *Coppélia* is little helped by its Doboujinsky designs, but the Stevenson *Giselle* (the first act was this year repainted) remains good, and the work of the Ironsides for *La Sylphide* is the best designing for 19th-century ballet to be seen in England, ranking equally with James Bailey's Covent Garden *Giselle* and Edward Delany's new *Swan Lake* for Festival Ballet.

Among the other performances in the classics, mention should be made of Norman Morrice's intelligently acted Dr. Coppélius and the splendidly persuasive acting of Gillian Martlew as Madge (whom we are glad to note is now no longer called Magda !), John Chesworth as Gurn and the adorable Shirley Dixon as Effie.

C. B.

Architects of the present

DURING the past three years the personnel of the Ballet Rambert has changed little. The advantage of a more stable team has meant that most of the modern works which still only get a few London performances a year suffer hardly at all from the procedure of dancers having to hurriedly learn works they may never even have seen. For example, the casts of *Laiderette, Czernyana, Façade, Winter Night* and *Two Brothers* were, with a few minor exceptions, precisely the same as when we last saw them — even going back two or three seasons. The results were smooth performances and authoritative interpretations.

Sparing no pains to restore *Winter Night* to the repertoire, films from the Mercury archives were consulted. This interesting, though seldom performed, work is, I believe, a far better ballet than Madame Rambert suspects. Gore's choreography wears astonishingly well, and though it only dates back to 1947, its designing seems to have become its worst feature. This now looks finicky and faintly dated. Yet if Kenneth Rowell could redesign it entirely in a bolder and lusher style, its life should be prolonged immeasurably.

The Woman in Black — I gather she is meant to be 30 — is one of those rôles which always seem to have been well danced. Gillian Martlew, with a striking appearance which is also in some way partly her interpretation, gives as good a performance as most of her predecessors, being well able to cope with the sudden shifts of emotion, with moods switching from elation to fathomless despair. The balance of the trio, however, has never been quite right, but then Gore probably intended her rôle to be dominant. The Man, who vacillates throughout, is less clearly defined, and a rôle which Gore concocted to suit his own temperament. Though John Chesworth may not be as good as Alexander Bennett ultimately became or have reached the living extremities of the character, he has now moved from the merely conscientious into the more than adequate class.

The Girl in White (age 21) is all trust, purity and sweetness of expression — a figure who is an ethereal contrast to the violently energetic Woman in Black. June Sandbrook gives a sensitive portrayal, but the rôle is virtually one of those "other women", and like all such characters in ballet it suffers from having nothing particularly interesting in it to dance. The white bow type of headdress could well be discarded seeing that it looks like something more appropriate for a maid or poor relation.

Like so many of Gore's works, the action inevitably takes place at a ball. While the *corps de ballet* choreography is primarily aimed at capturing the floridities of the score, it too often swerves away into a not very relevant background. While there is no shirking of emotional involvement in Gore's work, Kenneth MacMillan, in contrast, treats personal relationships objectively.

I am pleased that his *Laiderette* was given instead of Cranko's *Variations on a Theme,* a work which could well be left dormant. The action of *Laiderette* is split up into a variety of intricate shapes which, miraculously, don't give a fussy or fuzzy effect. It is very tightly punctuated and, apart from the work for the Pierrots, there is no loose choreography left lying around. It is a work which needs to be highly organised and this season the previous slackness in production has been overcome. Lucette Aldous, who has improved immeasurably in the title rôle, gives it an enormous boost through the poignancy of her acting, though she is not well matched with John Chesworth, as the Host, who must either tower over her or partner her standing in *demi-plié.*

Façade can too easily suffer from over-exposure, leading to frenzied playing to the gallery by dancers who have danced it too often, or to over-cautiousness by those same dancers when they feel the time has come to play it down. The present revival, which avoids either extreme, is given affectionately satirical treatment. Kenneth Bannerman and Norman Morrice are excellent in the Popular Song which has had its ridiculous draped effects and split-second poses restored. June Sandbrook is a delightful wistful Milkmaid, Gillian Martlew and John Chesworth have gingered up the Tango without actually going too far, while Shirley Dixon, Jennifer Kelly and John O'Brien open the work brightly in their Scotch Rhapsody.

If anything, *Czernyana* seems to have deteriorated here and there. *Trop Symphonique* was ragged in timing, the opening *Ebats* has seen friskier performances, while one of the girls was overweight. But none of its present faults really spoil it for long. Elsa Recagno, who danced too little during the season, contrives to make the *Presque Classique* into a splendid centre-piece for the work. Playing around with classical steps, she shows in her nonchalant, take-it-or-leave-it style, a brilliant sense of comedy. Rachel Holland, Shirley Dixon and John O'Brien were youthful and impetuous in the *Pas de Trois,* while Elsa Recagno, Norman Morrice and Kenneth Bannerman stalked amusingly through the perversities of *Visions.*

Both Morrice's *Hazaña* and *Two Brothers* were given with their original principals, though for one non-press performance of

each work there were cast changes. In *Hazaña,* Valerie Marsh danced the wife and Shirley Dixon the Young Girl, while June Sandbrook danced the Martlew rôle in *Two Brothers.*

E. C. M.

Architects with storm brewing

IT was a coincidence that I happened to see the second performance of the Tudor programme on the night after the return visit of Jerome Robbins' Ballets: U.S.A. to London. Seen in such close proximity I became immediately conscious of a similarity between the two — not in their actual choreographic approach but in the times that they worked and how those times affected their attitude to their subjects. The four Tudor ballets shown were created in the years 1937 and 1938, in the years when the shadow of Hitler was hanging menacingly over the world. The ballets of Jerome Robbins for the American company have mostly been created in the past few years when yet another shadow hangs over this troubled earth.

In their different ways and by entirely different means both choreographers reveal fear, uncertainty and almost hopelessness. In neither case do the creators give any feeling that future happiness is to be the lot of anyone. Though in each, there is one work — in Robbins' case it is *The Concert,* and in Tudor's it's *Gala Performance* — that shows a merciful lack of concern with the world outside. It is also possibly significant that both these works are the most popular with the general public.

Certainly *Lilac Garden,* the work which opened the Tudor programme at Sadler's Wells, is a Chekovian study in bleak frustration and despair. Caroline, for reasons we never quite know, has to marry a man she doesn't love and for a brief passing moment they encounter episodes from their past which represent a happiness, alas, not to continue. Any fool can see that here were reflected in 1938 parallels that stretched far beyond the lilac-loaded garden where this last meeting took place. Where Tudor created a ballet masterpiece, and a masterpiece this work undoubtedly is, was in the economy by which so much is suggested. It is the work of a great impressionist, with every brush stroke telling and nothing superfluous. It is extraordinary how an audience can become involved in the fate of this four-sided triangle — within the space of a few minutes they really care.

Of course the balance of the drama alters considerably according to who is playing and there is no doubt that the present cast — Aldous as Caroline, Chesworth as her lover, Morrice as the Man she must marry and Anna Truscott as the Episode in his past — does not yet delve deeply under the skin of the various rôles. It is left to actual dancing, the Chausson music and the general pattern of the complex choreography, to get the mood over— and on all three counts it scores heavily. The dancing, particularly of Lucette Aldous and Anna Truscott, being noteworthy. That admirable artist John Chesworth was oddly miscast, with Morrice's erstwhile Husband being rather too young and charming. None the less, the ballet was in better shape as a whole than for many "Tudor" evenings past.

Another song of despair is the *Judgment of Paris.* Yes, I know you think of the three whores trying to attract the attention and the pocket book of a drunken reveller as something hilariously comic. And although you have every right to laugh because the sleazy solos abound in genuine humour, underneath is a bitter desperation. The hearts that beat beneath the moth-eaten maraboo stoles are those that have scraped the bottom of what life's barrel has to offer them — and there is no chance that they are likely to do anything other than continue to scrape.

THE FLYING SYLPHIDE: Lucette Aldous in the title rôle in Bournonville's La Sylphide. *One of the many rôles in which this fine dancer has shown such remarkable progress.* *Photo: John Blomfield.*

How well Tudor has underlined the hectic squalor of Kurt Weill's music. Unfortunately the present cast — Juno (Elsa Recagno), Venus (Gillian Martlew) and Minerva (Valerie Marsh) — play too much for laughs, and the real pathos has dripped out of the rôles and is left as a pool of watered-down gin on the table. Far nearer to any of her predecessors is Martlew as the lanky dead-pan Venus suggestively manipulating her hoops.

When it comes to despair, though, *Dark Elegies* has them all beat. Nothing to Mahler's *Kindertotenlieder* could be otherwise. But what a wonderful piece of work this ballet is! Again by sheer simplicity of movement and floor patterns, Tudor has extracted the very kernel of the music, transmuted it into dance and not even the most carping music critic could possibly object. Five of the songs in Mahler's song cycle (as always beautifully sung by Eric Shilling) are in the form of a ritual in which the dancers are motivated by the numbness that comes from disaster, in this case the death of their children. In the final song they move on to resignation and there is the feeling that the wound incurred will remain with each of them always. Somehow any applause seems almost sacrilegious and it is a test of the performance that there is a pause before anyone starts to clap, then gradually as the audience becomes unwound the applause mounts with each curtain. I am happy to say that this is just what happened and the work got the reception it deserved.

It is a work that stands or falls by its *ensemble* rather than by any individual performance, and if all goes as it should then it is impossible to single out any artist. I will merely state for the record that June Sandbrook danced the first song, Gillian Martlew and John Chesworth the second, Norman Morrice the third, Lucette Aldous the fourth and Kenneth Bannerman the fifth, and that both they and the *ensemble* gave the ballet as good a performance as I can ever remember.

In its time, 1937, *Dark Elegies* was a rather revolutionary ballet for an English company. It was a pioneer in what has since become the Modern Dance Movement. In many ways it could possibly be considered to be one of the most important works of its time, and it says a lot for the care that has gone into its constant revival by the Rambert company that it still remains a very important work.

It may be a sign of the times that the humour in Tudor's *Gala Performance* has become more hectic over the past few years. More is the pity because originally this was a very subtle dig at the various schools of ballet and of ballerina behaviour. Today by adding various little tricks the work has taken on the aspect of a pre-war revue with Beatrice Lillie. Not that what the immortal Bea did in her own place was not sublime, but somehow done by others and in a different medium it does not work out right. Or at least that's how I see it, though judging by the gales of laughter from the audience I am in the minority. When I first saw this ballet in 1938 I cannot remember such exaggerated burlesque; then it was a private joke for those who knew about ballet's history. Today when everyone who goes to ballet knows all its private jokes I would have thought it could have remained as it originally was. Tudor himself broadened the work for Ballet Theatre and doubtless it was right for the American audience for which it was then intended. But the Rambert production is gradually moving towards the same approach and frankly I think this quite unnecessary.

Of the three *assolutas* from Moscow, Milan and Paris, it is only Martlew from

Milan who dances with the solemn dignity that gives credibility to this battle royal. Anna Truscott, while dancing well, missed the style of the Moscow lady, while Lucette Aldous was over-frittery as her Parisian rival. This is really the moment to pay homage to Gillian Martlew, who in one programme played three utterly contrasting rôles and shone in each because of her complete understanding of what was intended. Not only in this programme but in other rôles throughout the Wells season (I think of her Madge in *La Sylphide,* and her lady in black in *Winter Night* as examples). Only Rambert can produce such remarkably versatile artists.

In past years these Tudor evenings have been put on for the connoisseurs and they have been attended with enthusiasm though in no great numbers. It is encouraging to think that these numbers have increased greatly through the years. Long may they continue to do so.

P. W.

LONDON'S FESTIVAL BALLET at the Royal Festival Hall

The Snow solidifies

AFTER a slightly squally passage from some of the critics, the Bourmeister *The Snow Maiden* settled down into a solid success with the public and this success has continued throughout the entire length of the company's annual season at Festival Hall. It is quite understandable why some of the critics did not like certain things about the production and it is equally understandable why the public flocked in in their thousands. Because if the work as a whole does not show any forward-movement or development of the great art of ballet, it does amount to what the vast public, gradually being weaned from their television sets, expects and wants to see when they leave the square screen for the wide open spaces of the live theatre. There is as much a place for this kind of ballet on the stage, as there is for the "new" public in the auditorium.

Since the opening performances the work has been tightened-up and the scenery of the first two acts improved considerably. That some of the improvements conform to what I wrote about last month is encouraging (possibly people *do* read ballet magazines after all). Those ugly steps have now been hidden by ground-rows that look mighty like some scenery from the company's production of *The Nutcracker* and this is all for the better. Those ugly helter-skelters of the second act, have been relegated to the storeroom and I cannot see that their exile will cause one tear to be shed.

Apart from the artists reviewed last month the principal rôles have been taken by three newcomers — Gaye Fulton (as The Snow Maiden), Barry McGrath (as Mizgir) and Janet Kedge (as Kupava). At their first performance Festival Ballet fell into the trap that has ensnared other companies, and the Royal Ballet more than most, in the past. Namely of presenting to the Press a completely new cast of dancers unused to playing principal rôles. It is unfair to everyone because such débutantes are naturally intent on their own performance and need all the help they can get from somebody who is more experienced — Fulton should have had Briansky as her partner and McGrath should have partnered Wright or Richards. The truth of this was made apparent when it was seen that the dancers gave a good account of themselves when dancing alone but nearly came to grief when any double-work was called for. Of course, such try-outs are essential but they should not be shown to the Press until everyone is quite sure that the dancers have had enough experience; it is mistakes of this kind that can wreck a career for ever.

Gaye Fulton is one of the most promising of the young dancers emerging from the *corps de ballet.* She has a beautiful line, good feet, a long neck and a lovely quality. She has the sort of distinction that, when it is fully realised and developed, is looked for in British dancers at their best. At the moment a certain coltishness needs to be fined down but it is only time that can bring this about. The difficulty with non-subsidised companies such as Festival Ballet is that they cannot always afford to wait. I only hope that the company will take a long-term view of Fulton and let her develop gradually and not shove her on in a number of rôles which she has not time enough to digest properly. Personally I think she is worth waiting for.

Barry McGrath needs just the same treatment. He is handsome, has a manly but not over-developed figure and could have the kind of presence which keeps fans waiting for hours at the stage door through all kinds of weather. The rôle of Mizgir is far more difficult than it appears on the surface for he has to partner two girls in addition to making the best of a rôle that Bourmeister seems never to have clearly delineated (he probably made it very clear but the finer points got lost somewhere owing to his every word having to be translated from Russian into English). That McGrath did not make the impression he should have done at his first performance was due to all the reasons I have stated above. He was obviously getting into difficulties with his partnering of both Fulton and Kedge which must have thrown the whole of his performance out of line because he rushed thing too much, even the moments when he had a chance of dancing alone. Later in the season, and with Deirdre O'Conaire as Kupava, his performance with Fulton showed an enormous improvement.

Janet Kedge is a dancer who can most aptly be described as enthusiastic — she tends to throw herself into any rôle hook-line-and-sinker. Such people are invaluable in any company because they can usually take over any part at a moment's notice should somebody fall ill and what she will give is quantity (she's a splendid mover) more than quality. Somewhere there is a better rôle for her than in the many small soloist parts in which she shines so noticeably but I am inclined to think that Kupava is not it. Admittedly I am not certain just what sort of a person Bourmeister intended this girl to be — obviously fairly earthy as a contrast to the delicacy of the Snow Maiden, but I would think possibly somebody with more of the demi-character refinement of, say the Street Dancer in *Le Beau Danube.* Anyway the hoydenish village girl presented by Kedge did not seem quite right to me though doubtless this also will fine down after she has gained more experience in the part.

Now that Festival Ballet have found that snow and Tchaikovsky are their lucky symbols as far as their full-length ballets are concerned, they must concentrate all their attention on the rest of the repertory. Apart from *The Snow Maiden,* the only programme that was acceptable as a whole, and judged by standards acceptable in most parts of the world where ballet is understood, was the one in which *Swan Lake* Act 2, *The Witch Boy* and *Bourrée Fantasque* were given on the same evening. Proper programme building is still the first rung on the ladder to successful ballet-making as every company in the world has eventually discovered usually at considerable cost to themselves.

P. W.

Example for the future

THERE are two reasons why a ballet company requires a large and varied repertory. The first reason is to meet the demand of the regular audience. Certainly if you get one popular ballet — say *Coppélia,* or in the case of Festival Ballet, *Snow Maiden* — there may be a short-term advantage to the box office receipts in playing it to death. But ultimately a company's popularity depends on its image, and that image, in its turn, depends upon the good opinion of the small but influential regular ballet public, including such members of that public as may be critics.

Nor is variety merely necessary from the point of view of the audience, for it is essential that the dancers should have the stimulus of a wide repertory. If you keep on doing the same thing day in and day out, it becomes a routine not a creative thing in which you can believe. Dancers, all of them to some extent underpaid and overworked, need this belief in the creative importance of what they are doing. Once they lose it, it soon shows in the performances — not today perhaps, not tomorrow, but soon. This year's repertory for Festival Ballet was altogether too restricted, and if that sounds like a warning, it was meant to.

The one really respectable programme that Festival Ballet produced during the whole season came on July 31. It consisted of Bourmeister's reworking of *Swan Lake* Act II, Jack Carter's *The Witch Boy,* and George Balanchine's *Bourrée Fantasque.* It is a programme worth pondering on, for it contains something for everyone, it has a clearly defined beginning, middle and end, it provides admirable opportunities for at least eleven solo dancers, while also showing the *corps de ballet* to its very best advantage. Finally, all three ballets cope fairly well with the limitations of the Festival Hall stage. It is a programme worth doing and worth watching.

Bourmeister's new *Swan Lake* is reviewed elsewhere, and there is little that is new to be said about either *Witch Boy* or *Bourrée Fantasque. The Witch Boy,* a revival from the Dutch company, the Ballet of the Lowlands, is the most distinguished dramatic work Festival Ballet has ever possessed, in fact the only distinguished dramatic work Festival Ballet has ever possessed. This imaginative, yet occasionally over-melodramatic, reworking of the story of Barbara Allen, was once notable for John Gilpin's beautifully evil portrayal of the Witch Boy. Now the rôle is given by Ronald Emblen, who has made a more positive and far more grotesque characterisation out of it. Technically Emblen is perhaps the more impressive, although he lacks (as who doesn't?) the ease and fluency of Gilpin. It is a performance of a strange hypnotic power and fierce intensity, and it is probably the finest thing this always interesting and intelligent dancer has ever done.

The rôle of Barbara was danced by both Belinda Wright and Dianne Richards. When Wright first assumed the part at short notice last season, she gave it with considerable promise. That promise has not really been fulfilled, for although she dances strongly, the mannerisms which seem to have affected so much of her work this season, here detracted greatly from

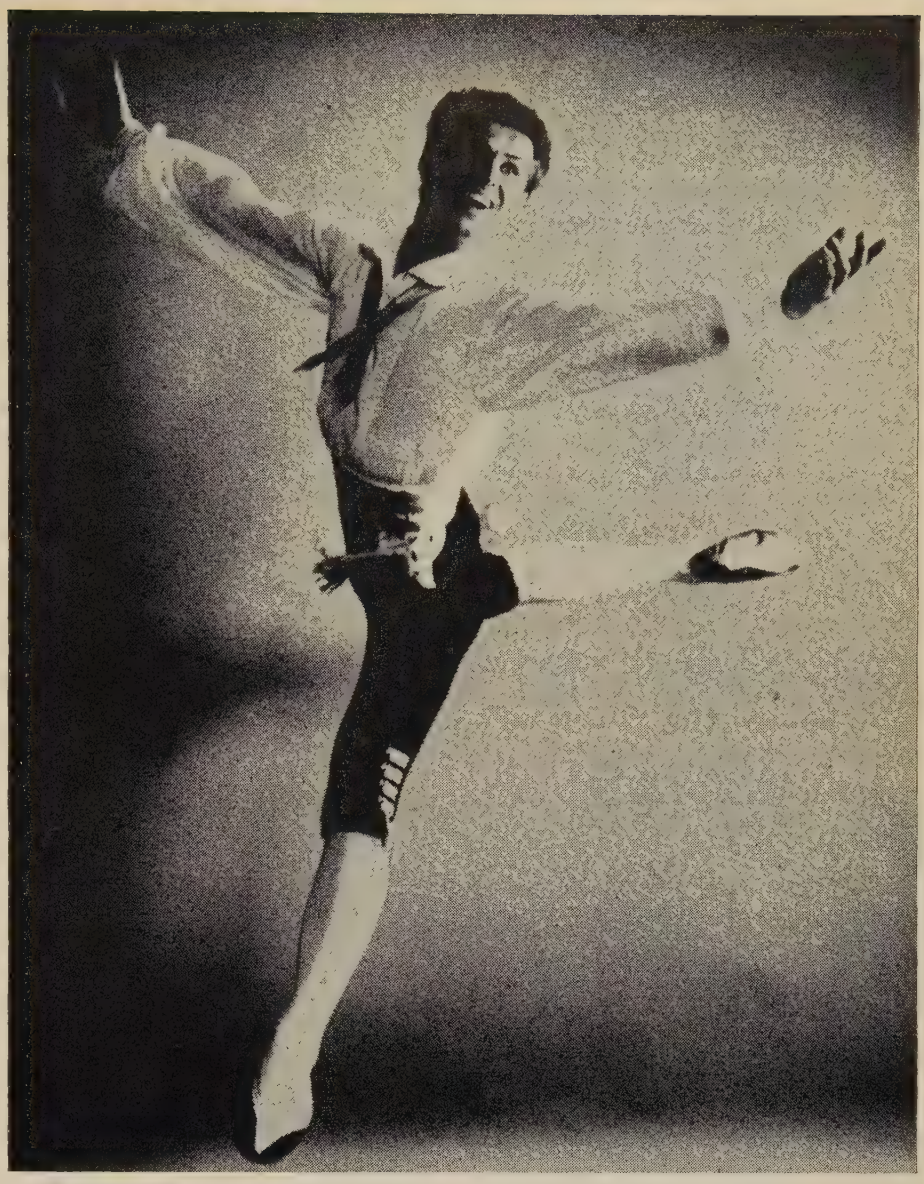
the general dramatic effect. Dianne Richards, who resembles Wright to a remarkable degree and often seems to model her performances on the older dancer, this season gave a performance remarkably similar to the one Belinda Wright gave last season. There is undoubtedly a great deal to Richards, but she must, must stop punctuating every dance phrase with facial mannerisms, particularly with a fly-catching gasp, given with such a flourish at the end of an *enchaînement*. If she can stop this and acquire more individuality, she could become a very fine dancer tomorrow, instead of the merely very attractive dancer she is today.

There were two newcomers to the rôle of the Pastor in *Witch Boy* (one unannounced) and they were both notably good. Peter Brownlee, nowadays the company's manager, stepped in at short notice on the first night, and gave a smoothly sinister performance. Even more interesting was the announced cast, John Auld, whose lean and hungry features and neurotic bearing gave a splendid air of fever to the part, which it has previously lacked. (I never saw Vladimir Skouratoff dance it, but I have been told that he is the best of the lot and can well believe it.) In smaller rôles Jean-Pierre Alban's Conjur Man, Deirdre O'Conaire's Storekeeper, Susan Winterton's Younger Sister, and Peter White, Donald McAlpine and Janet Kedge in the *ensemble*, all put in some good work, in what is essentially a whole company ballet.

The contrast between this and *Bourrée Fantasque* could hardly be more marked. The company continue to give *Bourrée* with considerable distinction, and even if the patterns are cramped on the stage, making all the circles into ellipses, and changing the angles of all the diagonals, the ballet comes over well. In the First Movement Marilyn Burr has toned down and sharpened up her performance, which is now more stylish and acceptable. She was partnered, as previously, by the admirable Emblen. The alternative pair, Deirdre O'Conaire and Donald McAlpine were unevenly matched, for while O'Conaire had just the measure of this dry martini wit, McAlpine, a newcomer to the part, over-emphasised the waggishness. Of the two leading pairs in the second movement, Belinda Wright and Oleg Briansky were possibly preferable to Dianne Richards and Jelko Yuresha, although all four of them could perhaps distinguish a little more clearly between a zombie-like state of trance and the enraptured air of love.

Richards came into her own when she appeared in the last movement, dancing with a rare bounce and verve. Jeannette Minty in the same part showed enthusiasm, but the part did not seem very well suited to her. Both girls were strongly partnered by Simon Mottram (who has now left to join the Gore company), who danced the little there was for him to dance with a notable *brio*.

That the performance on August 15 was not more interesting than it was, was not altogether the fault of the management, but much more the result of a very sad injury to the Hungarian ballerina, Zsuzsa Kun the previous night, which was to put her out for the rest of the season. (Just for the record Kun, and her husband, Victor Fulop, did give one performance with the Festival Ballet this season, dancing in the *pas de deux* from *The Flames of Paris*, which was to have been repeated at the press show, together with her first London Odette, the day after.) However,



BOUNDING DANE: Flemming Flindt, now guest star with the Paris Opéra, who danced with great distinction for one week with London's Festival Ballet. He is seen here in Bournonville's Flower Festival at Genzano *which he danced with Josette Amiel. Their performances will be reviewed next month.*

if the injury to Miss Kun was not the management's fault, an injury to Tchaikovsky certainly is, and their persistence in continuing with Briansky's trite version of *Romeo and Juliet*, can be considered nothing else.

Boring, pompous and unmusical, the ballet was danced by a number of varying casts during the season, among whom I think only O'Conaire's Juliet was new to London. It was rather sweet, and made the best of a bad job. However, even the trivial choreography for *Romeo and Juliet* was made to look like a masterpiece by the fantastic *Farruca* perpetrated by the Hungarian guest star, Ferenc Havas. Using the music from *Three-Cornered Hat* (which I am sure someone once did a ballet to!) this has choreography by a man called Harandozo. This is the first example of Harandozo's work ever to be seen in London. I will lose little sleep if it is also the last. This ludicrous mixture of ballet-Spanish and ballet-classical, defeated even the engaging Havas' efforts to make it tolerable. Too weak to be funny, too funny to be serious, it flopped.

In place of *The Flames of Paris*, Irina Borowska and Ferenc Havas danced the *Black Swan pas de deux*. As they had only just been introduced to one another, and there was not time for sufficient rehearsal, this gallant effort demands to be more the subject of sympathy than comment.

This sad, weak and very depressing programme ended with an almost surprisingly good performance of *Prince Igor*. Vassilie Trunoff, always unequalled among British Polovstian Chiefs, has never been seen to better advantage, and he danced with great brilliance. It is a pity that the current repertory allows him little chance to show himself at his best. Joan Potter made a lively Polovstian Girl, but Janet Kedge proved quite wrong as the Slave. She was wiggling her hips like her sister Kate, and she needs to remember that her function in the ballet is to be raped, not to do a little bit of seducing on her own account.

C. B.

HINTLESHAM FESTIVAL

THERE is a particular excitement in going to see a new ballet company for the first time, and it was consequently with

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TIME & TIDE

lively hope (to say nothing of a small, gallant band of colleagues) tnat I travelled down to Hintlesham Hall, near Ipswich, to see the first performance of Walter Gore's new ballet company.

The company is new, but the name is not. By electing to call it The London Ballet, Gore has resuscitated an honourable title that has not been in use since the early days of the war. It was under the name of London Ballet that Antony Tudor organised his small, but very important company, at Toynbee Hall, and Gore will have to prove very successful if his assumption of the name does not seem presumptuous. However, undaunted by history, even if they were aware of it, the dancers got off to a fair start.

The opening performance on July 28 was one of three given as part of the Hintlesham Festival, and it must be admitted that the conditions were far from ideal, so the performances were more in the nature of a tryout or preview than a début.

The Hintlesham Festival, now in its eleventh year, has little grandeur — it must be the most unpretentious music festival in the country — yet a definite charm. The stage conditions are less than completely adequate and the auditorium, if such it can be called, is bizarre to say the least. With the audience sitting under a marquee, while the dancers perform on an enclosed stage separated from the marquee by a dried-up moat, there is bound to be some loss of theatrical illusion, particularly when, as on the first night, a thin curtain of rain also intervenes between spectators and performers. Alienation effects can surely be taken no further.

The performance opened with a revival of Gore's *Peepshow,* a ballet first produced at the Mercury Theatre by Ballet Workshop on October 5, 1952. Seen at the Mercury, it was an excellent joke, transplanted to Hintlesham's semi-alfresco setting it was presented to less advantage. One does wonder, in any case, whether *Peepshow* is really a repertory piece.

More an essay in grotesque humour and movement than a ballet, it uses only three dancers, all dressed in tights and bathing costumes, stuck in holes cut in a horizontal piece of canvas, stretched taut across the stage. A rectangular strip of canvas is also placed vertically in front of them, which can be moved up and down to block out either the lower or upper half of the dancers' bodies. Conventional ballet steps performed by only half a body take on a new dimension of humour, and as they duck from one hole to the other, the dancers contrive to give a zany impression both of swimming and ballet. Unfortunately, now at least, the joke seems overprolonged, and the present cast (Jane Evans, Ed Nicholls and Harry Haythorne) seemed to miss the wry, high spirits of the original, Ballet Workshop cast — Paula Hinton, Michel de Lutry and Gore himself.

The programme also included *Night and Silence,* danced by Hinton and Gore, which is reviewed elsewhere, and ended with the first performance of Gore's new ballet, *Scottish Suite.*

Scottish Suite

First given by the London Ballet at the Hintlesham Festival on July 28, 1961. Choreography by Walter Gore. Music by Malcolm Arnold. Costumes by Fred James.

Cast

PAULA HINTON ROGER TULLY

with

HARRY HAYTHORNE ED NICHOLLS
GLEN GILMORE JANE EVANS
MARY COULSON
BARBARA KROUTHEN
ANNA PRICE YEMAIEL OVED
JANET KINSON

WHEN one comes across a ballet called *Scottish Suite,* to music by Malcolm Arnold, it might be thought legitimate to expect it to have been set to Arnold's *Suite of Scottish Airs and Dances,* but such a conjecture would have turned out false. Certainly Gore uses two numbers from Arnold's *Scottish Suite,* but the rest of the ballet comes from the much better known *Suite of English Airs and Dances,* which has already been used as grist to Kenneth MacMillan's choreographic mill in *Solitaire.*

The effect of unfamiliar choreography to familiar music is, as it always must be, slightly disconcerting, yet Gore's invention is buoyant and unforced, there is a boisterousness to his choreography far removed from the piquancy of MacMillan's, and the work manages to overcome the natural disadvantages attendant upon any "second version" of a well-loved ballet.

Gore's bustling *ensembles* are typical of the choreographer who gave us *Simple Symphony,* and he has devised his new ballet with the skill and fluency that comes from experienced craftsmanship. It must be admitted, however, that the only downright Caledonian touch I could spot, emerged in the Tartan saches of Fred James's unremarkable yet not displeasing costumes.

The ballet was moderately well danced, and in the case of Paula Hinton a good deal more than moderately. Even so, at this preview, it seemed as though there was a certain amount of smoothing out necessary in the dancing of the *ensemble.*

C. B.

THE MASQUE BALLET CLUB

UNLIKE amateur football or cricket, or for that matter any sport, amateur ballet is one of those things that is almost not possible — or rather not possible to invite anybody to pay to come and see it. Ballet training is so demanding in that every muscle and fibre of the body has to be so perfectly conditioned to execute the movements of the dance vocabulary, that any sort of perfection from those who can only practice spasmodically is nigh on impossible.

Yet the various amateur clubs which exist all over the country are wholly admirable, when properly run, for they foster a love and understanding of the art and those which give classes to the members (not all of them do this) at least make people understand something of what has to go into the art they love. But the question of public performances by these clubs poses a problem. Today when people see so many professional companies and so much dancing on films and television, it is unlikely that many people, apart from doting friends and relations, are going to show much enthusiasm for these amateur efforts.

The Masque Ballet Club, who gave "An Evening of Ballet" on July 22 at Morley College, have made an attempt at meeting everyone halfway by using experienced choreographers, and less professionally experienced dancers, therefore, had the opportunity of making a step forward in their studies of ballet as a whole.

Of all the classics for such a group there is possibly none more suitable than the oldest work still existing in the European repertory — Galeotti's *The Whims of Cupid and the Maître de Ballet* which was

first given in Copenhagen in 1786. This suite of character dances in which various types go to the temple of love to be married and then find themselves hitched to the wrong person owing to Cupid's strange sense of humour, is not too demanding on the dancers though their very naïveté calls for a great sense of style unlikely to be achieved by the amateur. Anyway, it's an amusing idea judged by any standards, and the various dancers looked as though they were enjoying themselves and this was infectious on the other side of the footlights.

Leo Kersley's *The Lark Ascending,* to Vaughan Williams' music, has been reviewed previously when it was given by Sunday Ballet Club last year. It is one of those slight "mood" pieces which I find are the most difficult of all to get across and which might have made some impression in the early days of the Ballet Club in Notting Hill and with the artists such as Rambert was developing at the time. On the rather "widescreen" stage of Morley College, it all rather vanished into thin air.

Not much thin air about the next piece which was decidedly of the earth and the witch's broth that occasionally swirls just above it. Bridget Kelly-Espinosa's *The Succuba* is about a witch getting involved with a wedding and the sort of havoc that such visitations inevitably cause. Somehow Richard Strauss seems frequently to be the choice of composer for ballets of violence taking place in a "Brueghel" atmosphere — and for the life of me I can never think why. If there was nothing very "Brueghel" about the music there most certainly was about that admirable Edward Delany's setting (he it was who triumphed in the Bourmeister *Swan Lake)* which was decidedly the best thing about the whole work. The choreography seemed to be in a mixture of schools which wedded as unhappily as the unfortunate couple in the ballet. The idea was good, possibly too ambitious for the occasion, but it certainly needed more experienced artists to get it across and it all turned into a hectic rout.

Far harder, though, for amateurs to get over was Andrée Howard's *Catharsis.* It was a send-up of all the things that seem so pretentious about so-called "Modern Dance" recitals and those beyond-the-fringe Sunday evenings in the theatre. Not that the actual choreography presented any great problems for the amateur dancers but this kind of satire is the hardest of all to get over and can only be achieved by those with years of theatre experience behind them. So much depends on polish, hair-trigger timing and knowing how to point a phrase (whether it's the spoken word or a passage of dance). With music devised by Geoffrey Wright and décor by Rodney Mellon, the items followed each other in the manner of an egg-headed cellar revue (it could have been a *Façade de nos jours)* and there was a great deal that was extremely funny — more in the ideas and situations than in the performance. But if this entertainment is to go further it certainly needs to be trimmed and it is without question way outside the range of amateur groups.

Anyway, as far as this particular performance was concerned, the ballet ended the evening on an hilarious note which gave everything the feeling of having been an elaborate game of charades.

P. W.

Dance and Dancers. . . . IN AMERICA

EAST AND WEST: Left, Mrinalini Sarabhai, India's leading dancer and choreographer, who gave a lecture demonstration at the Consulate General of India's headquarters in New York (photo: Aul Himmel). Right, José Limón, leading Modern Dancer of Mexican origin, in his Sonata for Two Cellos, *to Kupferman music, which he gave at the 14th American Dance Festival.*

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N.Y. CITY OPENS 61-62 SEASON

RETURNING from a trans-continental tour that included engagements in both the U.S. and Canada, the New York City Ballet returned to New York City for a three-week season, starting on August 29. The fact that there were no new works in the repertory and that the city had sizzling temperatures mattered not a bit insofar as the company's performances and capacity audiences were concerned. Mercifully, the New York City Center is air-conditioned to a degree (though not back-stage). However, this best of American ballet companies was dancing excellently and to capacity audiences despite the 95 degree temperatures. *Liebeslieder Walzer,* one of George Balanchine's great masterpieces, has been among the major highlights of the season thus far and, whenever it has been performed this season, as it has been often, it has won deserved ovations. The company itself is in top form and remains the same save for the temporary absence of Melissa Hayden, who is on maternity leave.

Since Jerome Robbins decided in late August to shorten the European tour of his "Ballets: U.S.A.", he requested and graciously received permission from the New York City Ballet to have two of his works — *The Cage* and *Afternoon of a Faun* — withdrawn from the repertory since his company would be presenting them here in October. This request, though it came at the last moment, was complied with and other works were substituted. At the same time, Robbins' listing as Associate Director of the New York City Ballet has been removed from the current programmes.

Those of us who have had an opportunity to view the New York City Ballet before and during the Leningrad Kirov Ballet's engagement at the Met (performances over-lapped for the period of one week) have had a marvellous opportunity to compare the styles and choreography of each company. Indeed, it will certainly be impossible to truly assess the Leningrad Kirov Ballet's contribution to the field of mid-twentieth century dance without taking George Balanchine's gigantic contributions into serious consideration.

THE KIROV BALLET

THE entire personnel of the Leningrad Kirov Ballet arrived in sweltering New York on September 4 in order that they might have ample rehearsal time at the Metropolitan Opera House prior to their Gala Première which took place on September 11, with the three act *Swan Lake.* During their three-week season, they also presented *The Sleeping Beauty* and *Giselle* as well as two "gala programmes", consisting of shorter ballets, excerpts and *pas de deux. The Stone Flower,* which was a failure when the Bolshoi first presented it here, has not been brought back by this younger company.

Heading the company for the three-month American tour are Valeria Fedicheva, Irina Kolpakova, Nelly Kurgapkina, Tatiana Legat, Natalia Makarova, Emma Menshenok, Alla Osipenko, Alla Shelest, Alla Sizova, Olga Zabotkina and Inna Zubkovskaya as well as Igor Belsky, Takhir Baltacheyev, Alexander Gribov, Sviatoslav Kuznetzov, Alexander Livshitz, Askold Makarov, Konstantin Rassadin, Vladilen Semenov, Konstantin Shatilov, Oleg Sokolov, Yuri Soloviev and Sergei Vikulov. Two new additions to the above-mentioned featured dancers included Boris Bregvadze and Nonna Yastrebova.

Presented by S. Hurok, under the Cultural Exchange Agreement between the United States and the Soviet Union, the Leningrad Kirov Ballet is also slated to appear in Boston, Montreal, Toronto, Detroit, Chicago, San Francisco and Los Angeles. It is also more than likely that they will return for a final visit to New York, probably at Madison Square Garden, in early December, with a series of gala programmes.

Opening night seats in the stalls at the Metropolitan Opera House were $25 each and for subsequent evenings the scale ranged from $12.50 in the stalls to $2.00 in the Family Circle (the top balcony).

BALLET THEATRE N.Y. SEASON

AMERICAN Ballet Theatre opens its two-week New York season on October 2, two days after the conclusion of the Leningrad Kirov Ballet's engagement. As we go to press, the company is headed by Lupe Serrano, Toni Lander, Royes Fernandez, John Kriza and Ruth Ann Koesun, together with Sallie Wilson and Ivan Allen, who have been elevated to soloist rank for this season. Mariane Orlando and Caj Selling, leading dancers of the Royal Swedish Ballet, will be visiting stars and other soloists on the roster include: Elisabeth Carroll, Martin Scheepers Enrique Martinez, Eleanor D'Antuono, Bruce Marks (formerly of the Metropolitan Opera Ballet), Viveka Ljung and Felix Smith. It appears likely that Maria Tallchief may also join the company for its New York season providing a partner is available. Since Erik Bruhn already has other commitments in Europe (apparently his six-month sojourn in the Soviet Union has been postponed), it is rumoured that Serge Golovine, of the de Cuevas Company, may be invited to partner Tallchief.

The new ballets and revivals promised for the season appear to be of considerably more importance than the programmes presented in New York last Spring. In the first place, that inept ballet, *Points On Jazz,* choreographed by Dania Krupska, has apparently been dropped from the repertory. Under the category of new ballets, at least for New York, is one world première, *Eden,* a dramatic *pas de deux* choreographed by Birgit Cullberg set to the *Concerto for String Quartet* by Hilding Rosenberg. In addition, Cullberg will direct her *Moon Reindeer,* originally created for the Royal Danish Ballet, for its New York première. Harald Lander has come to New York to stage his *Etudes* for this company. Based on music by Czerny in an arrangement by Knudaage Riisager, this ballet has décor and costumes designed by Rolf Gerard and the costumes are executed by Karinska. William Dollar's *Divertimento-Rossini,* set to Benjamin Britten's *Soirées Musicales,* based on Rossini music, is the fourth of the new works presented.

Antony Tudor, who will be returning to the company after a long absence, has revived his *Judgment of Paris* and *Gala Performance,* two of the notable works he brought with him when he first joined Ballet Theatre for its first season in 1939. Other good news is that Frederick Ashton's *Les Patineurs* returns to the repertory, too. Out of the repertory since 1958, when its setting and costumes were destroyed by fire on the company's European tour, the original production is now being completely restored although Ashton will not be on hand to re-stage it himself.

Frederic Franklin is Production Assistant, Dimitri Romanoff is Regisseur and Fernand Nault is Ballet Master with Kenneth Schermerhorn as Musical Director.

BALLETS: U.S.A.

DUE to the limited supply of available theatres, it is more than likely that

Jerome Robbins' Ballets : U.S.A. New York engagement will coincide or, at least, overlap, that of American Ballet Theatre's season. The same programmes as those presented in London, Paris and Berlin will be offered. However, since the company has no star names to assure a trans-continental tour, it is held likely that the troupe may continue on to South America, Japan, or, possibly, both after their stand in New York.

14th AMERICAN DANCE FESTIVAL

DURING mid-August, Connecticut College presented its 14th annual summer dance festival at New London, Connecticut. Among the new works presented were Merce Cunningham's *Aeon,* performed to what composer-conductor John Cage termed " Atlas Eclipticalis with Winter Music (electronic version) " ; Paul Taylor's *Insects and Heroes,* to a score by John Herbert McDowell ; José Limón's *The Moirai* (*The Fates*), set to music by Hugh Aitken ; Ruth Currier's *Resonances,* performed to excerpts from Krenek's *Symphonic Elegy,* Ussachevsky's *Composition* as well as music by Behrens ; and Jack Moor's *Target,* to music by Evelyn Lohoefer.

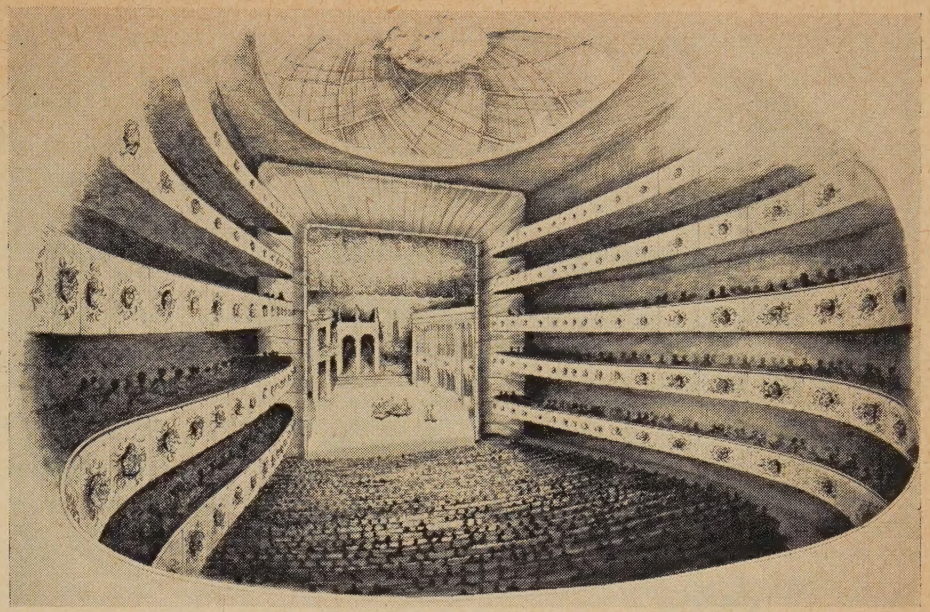
LINCOLN CENTRE

LINCOLN Center for the Performing Arts has announced the final design plans for the New York State Theatre to be built at the Center. (It is understood that this is the theatre that is to house ballet, dance, as well as operetta.) Construction is to begin this autumn and the theatre is planned to be ready for use in the Spring of 1964, in time for the opening of the New York World's Fair. Seating 2,801 people, this air-conditioned theatre has been designed especially for dance and operetta performances and it will play host to American companies and those from other nations appearing here in connection with the 1964-1965 New York World's Fair.

Under an agreement between the State of New York and Lincoln Center, the State will purchase the completed building for $15,000,000 as part of its participation in the New York World's Fair. This plan contemplates ownership of the building after the Fair by the City of New York. It would then serve as a new home for the New York City Center operating as an independent constituent of Lincoln Center.

SARABHAI IN NEW YORK

DUE to the thoughtfulness and hospitality of Mr. S. K. Roy, Consul General of India, an especially invited audience was recently given the opportunity to attend a lecture-demonstration of Indian dance and to attend a reception in honour of Mrinalini Sarabhai. That she is one of the greatest dancer-choreographers of the present generation in India became at once apparent during her charming performance. And a most distinguished audience was on hand to greet her that was headed by Ruth St. Denis and Martha Graham. After the performance, Ruth St. Denis was heard to say, " In one stunning gesture she at once lifts the use of the dance from the ordinary to the sublime. As a cultural ambassador, she is worth fifty statesmen." After this brief view of Sarabhai's art, one can only look forward to the time that she and her company are brought back to America for a cross-country tour.



AN ARTIST SEES LINCOLN CENTER : A drawing of what the new Lincoln Center will look like. Garnet red walls and seats will be set-off by the white and gold proscenium and five tiers of balconies. Crystal lights circle the auditorium.

SHAWN'S GUIDED TOUR

THOUGH Ted Shawn was stricken in July with a slight coronary artery insufficiency that temporarily reduced the supply of blood to his heart muscles, the condition was a mild one that kept him in the hospital for a fortnight and then restricted his physical activities for another month. However, by the conclusion of the Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival, Shawn was deep in plans for a 24-day "dance festival tour" of Europe in which he is planning to escort a score of dance enthusiasts. Visits are to be made, beginning the 15th of this month, to Castile, Cordoba, Granada, Athens, Delphi, Istanbul, Cairo, Luxor and Rome. During the course of this tour, Ted Shawn will celebrate his 70th birthday.

Arthur Todd.

BALLETS: U.S.A. DECOR

Continued from page 19.

Two" which previously was given against black curtains and, as a result, broke up the sequence of stage pictures.

The colours of the windcheater costumes, which previously I thought unsubtle, now appear to be just right — they haven't changed but I have. The only thing I am starting to get mighty tired of is this persistant use of tights, white socks and shoes, sweaters, tunics or windcheaters. I fear that this can become as monotonous, from an audience viewpoint, as were the early seasons of New York City Ballet when everything seemed to be in variations on practice costume. Balanchine changed his ideas towards the designer and in some of his recent works seems almost to have gone to the other extreme; possibly Robbins will also when next we see him.

The lighting of *New York Export : Opus Jazz* suffered from some of the downward curve that was apparent in other works. For instance the sky in the third episode, *Improvisations,* used to be an angry and dramatic red. Now, by cutting down the back-lighting, it has become a soiled pink. Likewise in the final *Theme, Variations and Fugue,* the forty-four oblong shapes which took over the colours that had been drained from the costumes, looked dead throughout the actual dancing. The episode opened well with back-lighting making the colours glow, but the moment dancing started the back-lighting disappeared, thus robbing this episode of much of its point — from a design point of view.

1959 : *"The great thing about the designing of all the ballets was that it was absolutely right for what they were . . . whereas ballet is a composite art form and each and every design and lighting plot played its full part in that composition."*

1961 : Though what I said two years ago was a fair assessment of what we then saw, and also of the four ballets when they were revived this year, I cannot feel that it applies to the recent season as a whole.

I am sure that for creators of movement such as Robbins, Balanchine and possibly Graham, the fact that their genius has to share pride of place (and possibly lose a little in the share-out) with a designer, is a crashing bore. They feel, and doubtless with justice, that what they have to say in their own way is expressive enough without the interference of a painter or designer. Unfortunately what they do has also to be shown in a theatre and before a theatre audience — in a theatre with a picture-frame proscenium and an audience not attuned to looking at ballet in the rehearsal room. So ballet has to conform to the practices and traditions of that all-embracing term — Theatre. Attempts, and very worthy ones, have been made to break away, but somehow they always seem to arrive in a *cul de sac.* I firmly believe that Jerome Robbins is a very great man of the theatre, almost equivalent to Brecht in another branch of the theatre, and I also believe that his interests are spread over other fields (as indeed they must be in any great creator) of art, literature, music and so on. I would like to think therefore that when next he brings his Ballets: U.S.A. to Europe he will show a true consummation of the marriage between his choreographic genius and that of the artist (whether painter, sculptor, cartoonist, lighting expert or what). It may be that in Sean Kenny, with whom he is to work on *Les Noces* for the Royal Ballet, he may find the person who to him could be what Fedorovitch was to Ashton or Noguchi is to Graham.

Peter Williams.

SWAN LAKE—NEW VERSION

Continued from page 21

more than adequate, yet there was a certain casualness in his playing ill-fitted to a prince, and he could easily absorb some of Briansky's excesses to the mutual advantage of both portrayals. Ferenc Havas is unquestionably an outstandingly good partner, and it was this aspect of his performance that dominated when he breezed through the rôle later in the season. This Hungarian guest star has a most pleasant stage personality, and his presence is strong and manly. He acted with considerable conviction, yet his robust, rather earthy interpretation was short on aristocracy.

The Cygnets were usually a good quartet, and on the first night only the *pas de trois* of Leading Swans gave cause for much alarm. Anna Wooster, the first British graduate from the Kirov School, seemed uncertain and even unsuitable, and the performance was improved when Carol Yule joined Janet Kedge and Sheila Melvin.

C. B.

DECOR

SURPRISE is the spice of life and it is also the spice that adds greatly to the flavour of ballet. Now who, one wonders, could ever have thought that the décor for the second act of *Swan Lake* could have produced anything in the nature of a surprise? And who would have thought that if any surprise in this direction was to be incurred that it would happen on that much abused stage of the Royal Festival Hall? Another surprise was that this designing came not from one who is recognized as a designer but who is basically a scene painter. Perhaps, though, this was not such a surprise after all because after having to realize such a mass of other people's designs, few people can have a better chance of knowing what not to do.

Not, of course, that what Edward Delany did for the Bourmeister *Swan Lake* second act varied much from what one generally imagined this act should look like, but the surprise came from the fact that it looked like what one had always *hoped* it would look like — and so seldom does. Personally I very much like Leslie Hurry's setting for this act at Covent Garden — it is charming in conception but rather cold and lacking in atmosphere. The Bolshoi setting was nondescript while the Kirov was extremely apt though its main feature was that it realized a vast expanse of water upon which some admirably manipulated mechanical swans could drift. New York City Ballet in the Balanchine version based the stage picture on German woodcuts and it all looked far too contrived. Now along comes Festival Ballet with the setting that contains all the features that have not, in Britain at any rate, appeared on the same stage at the same time. (Yes, there were even mechanical swans though they could not be used on this particular stage).

Why is it so good? First and foremost it engenders the right atmosphere — one of Romanticism, of foreboding, of mystery. This is partly due to the general shape. The menacing trees interlaced overhead give a feeling of seclusion where strange rites could be performed. Even the lake is mysterious, more a secret corner of a lake than a vast expanse of water.

There is also mystery in the castle which seems to have its foundations embedded in this lake (what has happened — was it built this way or has there been a sudden onrush of water to submerge it and why?). It is most decidedly a place, should Festival Ballet think to revive the magician-into-owl character of Von Rothbart, through which he would swoop at midnight hours. Oddly enough, though Von Rothbart does not appear in this production in person, his presence is felt far more forcefully than in any production I have seen so far. But undoubtedly the greatest contribution to the success of this designing lies in its treatment as a whole. It has a texture and everything is realized with a sure Romantic feeling, rather like the better designs of John Piper. It is mainly in black and grey and the only colour comes from the water which is in blue verging to near white.

This water ripples throughout the act and the fact that it is back-lit (something which Festival Ballet should use far more often as nothing gives such added depth to a shallow stage) makes the scene have a genuine perspective and sense of distance. Only one serious fault can I find in the designing of this scene and this is a question of lighting more than of design, though designers seldom realize that they are by rights held responsible for the lighting. The trouble with the lighting here is that when the scene opens it is quite excellent — a dark and mysterious foreground with moonlight rippling on the water. The moment Prince Siegfried and Odette appear they are illuminated by following "spots" (which don't always follow) and which, as the dancers move around up-stage, spill on to the backcloth — thus completely destroying any illusion of distance or, in fact, of locality other than a stage covered with scenery. This seemingly unimportant fact actually has a profoundly adverse effect on the stage picture as a whole. The difficulty is caused by keeping the stage too dark for too long at the beginning — if after the opening tableau was established, the lights could gradually be brought up so that the two principals were not in such glaring spotlights then there might be a better light balance.

The tutus for the girls are very good — all short and rather softer than is usual in most English costumes. The costume for Prince Siegfried looks like a modified version of the old costume designed by Loudon Sainthill, minus that elaborate sash which always ruined the line anyway. I don't think, however, that the rather dead green for the tunic looks right here at all — surely a dark grey would be more in keeping?

Anyway, apart from these few faults, the designing is so good that one really now wishes that Bourmeister would mount his complete version for the company and that Edward Delany might then complete the work he has started so admirably.

Peter Williams.

Ballet Dates

THE ROYAL BALLET
at Covent Garden

September
26 *La Fille Mal Gardée* (Nerina, Blair).
28 *Les Patineurs, Giselle* (Fonteyn, Blair).
30 *Lady and the Fool, Jabez and the Devil, Diversions.*

October
3 *Ondine* (Fonteyn, Somes).
4 *Les Patineurs, Giselle* (Nerina, Blair).
9 *Antigone, Symphonic Variations, The Firebird.*
13 *Ondine* (Beriosova, MacLeary).
17 *Ondine* (Fonteyn, Somes).
19 *La Fille Mal Gardée* (Nerina, Blair).
21 *Petrushka, Diversions, Daphnis and Chloë.*
24 *Ondine* (Fonteyn, Somes).
25 *Antigone, Symphonic Variations, The Firebird.*
26 *La Fille Mal Gardée* (Nerina, Blair).
27 *Petrushka, Diversions, Daphnis and Chloë.*
30 *Petrushka, Diversions, Daphnis and Chloë.*

November
2 *La Fille Mal Gardée* (Nerina, Blair.
4 **(M)** *Antigone, Symphonic Variations, The Firebird.*
4 **(E)** *Les Patineurs, Giselle* (Linden, Gilpin).
8 *The Sleeping Beauty* (Fonteyn, Blair).
9 *The Sleeping Beauty* (Nerina, Blair).
11 **(M)** *The Sleeping Beauty* (Seymour, Gilpin).
13 *Petrushka, Diversions, Daphnis and Chloë.*
16 *Antigone, Symphonic Variations, The Firebird.*
17 *The Sleeping Beauty* (Beriosova, (MacLeary).
18 **(M)** *Giselle* (Page, Hynd).
21 *Ondine* (Fonteyn, Somes).
25 **(M)** *La Fille Mal Gardée* (Park, MacLeary).
25 *La Fille Mal Gardée* (Nerina, Blair).
27 *The Sleeping Beauty* (Fonteyn, Blair).

December
1 *The Sleeping Beauty* (Fonteyn, Blair).
2 *Ondine* (Beriosova, MacLeary).
7 *Les Sylphides, Petrushka, Les Patineurs.*
9 **(M)** *The Sleeping Beauty* (Park, Rosson).
9 **(E)** *The Sleeping Beauty* (Fonteyn, Blair).

THE ROYAL BALLET
on tour

September
25 The Pavilion, Bournemouth.

October
2 The Pavilion, Torquay (2 weeks).
16 The New Theatre, Oxford (2 weeks)
30 The Opera House, Manchester.

November
6 The Kings Theatre, Glasgow.
13 The Kings Theatre, Edinburgh.
20 Theatre Royal, Newcastle.
27 The Royal Court, Liverpool.

December
4 The Lyceum, Sheffield.

BALLET RAMBERT

September
25 The Little Theatre, Middlesbrough.

October
2 The Empire Theatre, Sunderland.
9 The New Theatre, Hull.
16 The Grand Theatre, Wolverhampton.
30 Theatre Royal, Exeter.

November
6 The Arts Theatre, Cambridge.
13 Theatre Royal, Bath.
20 The New Theatre, Cardiff.
27 Theatre Royal, Nottingham.

LONDON'S FESTIVAL BALLET

October
2 The Coventry Theatre, Coventry.
9 The Empire Theatre, Liverpool.
16 The Gaumont Theatre, Ipswich.
23 Theatre Royal, Norwich.
30 The Gaumont Theatre, Southampton.

November
6 The Alexandra Theatre, Birmingham.
13 The Hippodrome, Brighton.
20 The Odeon Theatre, Leeds.
27 The Grand Theatre, Wolverhampton.

December
4 The Empire Theatre, Sunderland.
26 (3 weeks) The Royal Festival Hall, London (Full production of *The Nutcracker*).

WESTERN THEATRE BALLET

September
25 Tour of the Lake District.

October
2 The Civic Theatre, Scunthorpe.
9 The Grand Theatre, Leeds.
16 Tour of Lincolnshire Music Centres.
30 (4 weeks). Tour of the West Country.

HARLEQUIN BALLET

October
19 The Arts Group, Marple.
27 The Town Hall, Battersea.
Dec. to Feb. The New Theatre, Cardiff (pantomime season).

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October
16 The Hippodrome, Golders Green.
23 The Streatham Hill Theatre, Streatham Hill.

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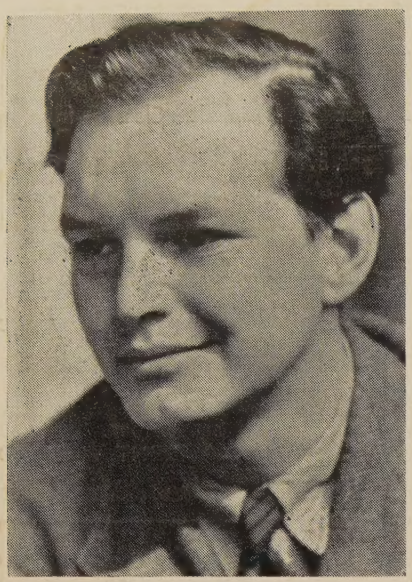

Peter Green

BRANDO'S JACKPOT

"IN a world of changing values, you at least used to know where you were with Westerns. The good cowboy was good, and rode a white horse. The bad cowboy rode a black horse, didn't shave, and boy, was he bad. I always reckon that's how Dick Nixon lost the Presidential election, looking like the villain in a B feature. But after *High Noon* and *Shane*, the culture-vultures and high-class neurotics moved in on the wide open spaces; and before you could say 'mixed-up kiddo' ten times, what had been a satisfying black-and-white pattern turned into a confused grey mess.

The curious thing is, they thought they were making a great discovery; and Marlon Brando, in a pontifical little message wrapped up with the hand-out for *One-Eyed Jacks* (Plaza) is obviously of the same opinion. 'Our early day heroes,' he proclaims, 'were not brave one hundred per cent of the time nor were they good one hundred per cent of the time.' After this *obiter dictum* his further statement that he wants 'to make a frontal assault on the temple of cliché' rather backfires; and the film itself suggests that, far from battering at the outer gates, he's safely tucked away in the Holy of Holies, worshipping like mad."

Thus wrote Peter Green in a recent issue of JOHN O' LONDON'S. A lot of people think he is the best film critic in London. He is certainly the wittiest. JOHN O' LONDON'S has equally lively reviews of jazz, television, drama, ballet, and, of course, books. If you would like to receive a free specimen copy send the attached coupon, today, to:

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